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WEEK ENDING JULY 25 1925

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Liberty

for Everybody

In This Issue

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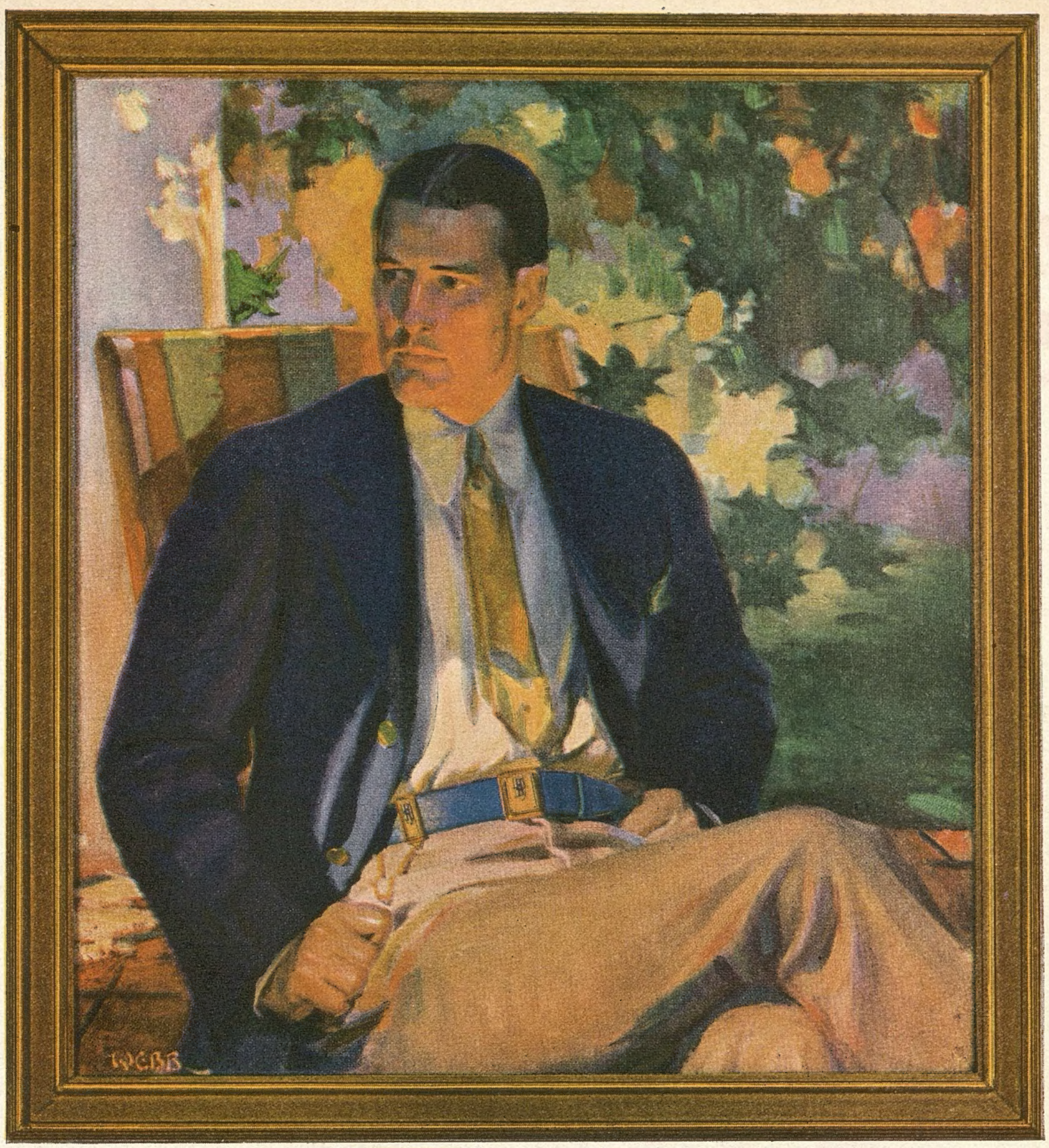

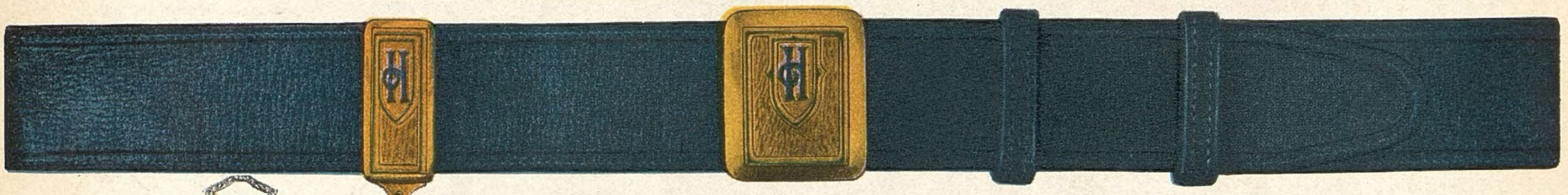

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JULY 25, 1925

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

MODERN CITY LIFE

Harsh things against the modern city are said from time to time, the latest at the doctors' convention in London. We don't deny that they contain a good deal of truth. Yet they do not alarm us as much as they might. The modern city is in many aspects a terrible thing, its slums, its crime, its vice, its potentialities of physical and moral evil. Even in its less sinister aspects, city life raises reasonable protest. We are concerned about its hurry, its intensity, its lack of privacy and reserve, its preoccupation with material pleasures and display. From the standpoint of the ideal, it is sadly lacking. But so is rural and small-town life. There is as much mistake in our notions of the latter as in the sweeping indictment of the city.

By concentrating attention upon the evil things in any community, whether it is large or small, city or village, we can paint a dark picture which is true as far as it goes. A great sensation was stirred up twenty years or so ago by a report on social conditions in certain New England villages where inter-breeding and poverty had produced feeble-mindedness, insanity, and vice. The picture was true, but it did not represent a true picture of village or small-city life as a whole. Excessive or unusual facts make more of an impression than the normal facts of existence and so many people who do not live in great cities get a distorted impression of city life and of the character of city people, because they are more impressed and remember longer the sensational news they read than the much greater amount which tells of the good and useful things the city is accomplishing.

The American doctor who fell foul of the city in his London talk especially emphasized the stress of city life which he said was killing off the most gifted. We wonder if he can support with facts his charge that the competitive intensity and pace of modern city life are killing. Is it not a fact that longevity is increasing? Other doctors tell us that modern science will prolong life a quarter century. Is it not probable that if our strain and speed are greater we are producing men and women capable of meeting them? Is it not true that there are reserves of power and of resistance which have never in the past been drawn upon save in infrequent crises like war or by rare individuals?

Modern life, and especially life in the modern city, is free from many devastations of the past. Sanitation is better. Protection from the hardships of cold and heat, which once invaded cities, is greater. Resources of entertainment and intellectual interest are greater and available to more people; and there is no doubt that an awakened and active mentality makes for health and long life.

Furthermore, the city is modifying itself to meet its new stresses. It no longer shuts itself within a wall, but spreads out so that its people have more air, light, and elbow room. It is likely that the city we are being warned against will develop into a nucleus for the transaction of business, a clearing house or economic nerve center, with its people living far out in wholesome and beautiful residential districts, easily accessible, thanks to the rapidly developing means of modern transport.

We think the civilized world is getting to be a better place to live in, and that if some good things of the past are lost, more good is gained or is in the making. At any rate, as we read pessimistic speculation, we are often impressed with doubt of its conclusion, and we think forecasts of a rosier color can be based on premises as reliable.

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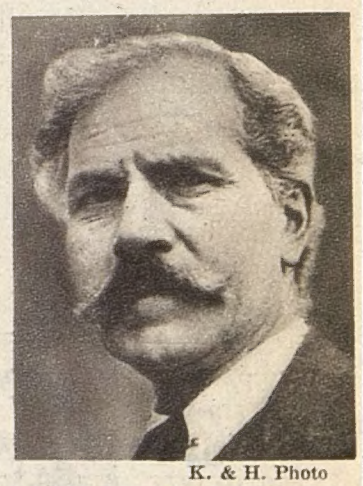
Cover Design by J. F. Kernan

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Ramsay Macdonald on Social Decay

BRITAIN'S first Labor Premier has written a remarkable article to conclude Liberty's discussion of the question, *Is the Nobility Decaying?* He practically forgets the nobility, and urges *Better Manners for Democrats!* They need, he submits, to mind their P's and Q's as well as the aristocracy.



K. & H. Photo
RAMSAY MacDONALD

Heywood Broun tells of an agreeable interlude in his eventful existence which gave him a chance to chew the cud of memory. *How to Enjoy a Nervous Breakdown* is the title.

F. Britten Austin begins a thrilling two-part tale, *The Fining Pot Is for Silver,* full of international intrigue, stolen plans, spies, and mysterious happenings in the air. You'll have an adventurous time reading it.

Billy Evans, in his *Twenty Years a Big League Umpire,* picks two super all-star baseball teams for the fans to discuss, and *W. O. McGeehan,* in *Tad Says "Do Your Stuff" and Does,* tells a true story, with pathos and inspiration in it, about a famous cartoonist.

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Enter Emil *the* Deuce

By SEWELL FORD

Pictures by H. R. SUTTER

AFTER a fashion the two women adapted themselves to their environment.

Here's a Lively Florida Love Story of a Girl Who Won a Title by Losing a Cook

BETWEEN the bushy eyebrows of the Hon. Matt Gruhley a scowl had settled, and he stood, feet planted wide, hands in pockets, cigar gripped in his teeth, a sturdy figure registering much discontent. That was odd, too, for the March morning was a climatic triumph, even for Florida. Birds sang, sunshine splashed through the palm fronds, a refreshing little breeze wandered in from the jade-green gulf, and the Villa Sereno, of which he was owner and occupant, rose gay and colorful behind his broad back.

There were reasons for the scowl, of course. Several. For one thing, breakfast had not been a success. The cereal had been lumpy, the bacon far from crisp, the waffles pallid. As for the coffee—but suppose we do not dwell on the coffee. The Hon. Matt had, at length and scathingly, and his remarks had been overheard by the West Indian negress who had prepared the unworthy brew. She was now in the back yard, straw suitcase in hand, announcing stridently her immediate departure. Mingled with her valedictory were other noises.

Within the house a scratchy record was grinding out jazz, while someone upstairs was shouting protest and demanding, "For heaven's sake, Arline, turn that thing off or change the needle." Also, across the vividly green lawn, a man was pushing a hand mower whose dry bearings clattered and shrieked a shrill accompaniment to the whole.

So there was no serenity in or about the Villa Sereno. Neither was it, strictly speaking, a villa. Neither France nor Italy ever saw its like. It was a large, roomy affair, with many arches and iron-grilled balconies, and, as noted, colorful. Rather. The stuccoed walls, surfaced cunningly in a wavelike design, were multitinted, the prevailing tone being a sort of ripe gooseberry shade, while under the wide eaves was a broad frieze of Moorish intent in which reds and blues ran rampant. Mottled yellowish tiles covered the roof, strips of orange awning fluttered at the windows. And with such clashing shades you could hardly expect it to be serene.

That which disturbed the Hon. Matt Gruhley, however, was not the chromatic discord but the auditory clamor. So, pausing on his way to the golf course, he scowled and listened. Suddenly, with a twist of his heavy jaw, he shifted the position of his cigar and concentrated on the slim, lean-faced individual who was putting so much misdirected energy into pushing that noisy lawn mower.

A queerly garbed person he was, considering the rusty black derby in which ventilating holes had been gouged, the black cotton shirt with purplish sweat stains across the back, and the bright blue trousers upheld by elaborate harnesslike suspenders. Had he robbed some scarecrow for his costume? He wore it jauntily enough, though.

There was a hint of cockiness in the angle at which the perforated derby was tilted. Yes, there was a certain assurance about the fellow—the way he held his pointed chin, the look of his dark, deep-set eyes, the swing of his thin shoulders as he turned a corner. Some sort of foreigner. A chesty one, at that. Huh! High time somebody took that out of him. And the Hon. Matt was right in the mood for such a job.

"Hey, you!" he called above the clatter.

But it was a glimpse of the upraised stubby thumb which finally caught the attention of the person with the mower. He paused, stared inquiringly.

"Why don't you oil that infernal rattletrap?" asked the Hon. Matt.

"O-eel?" His attempt to reproduce Mr. Gruhley's Manhattanese accent was far wider than that. "I am not tell to o-eel. I am tell to cut ze grass. I cut ze grass. So!"

As if that closed the incident, he was preparing to start where he had left off. But the furrow between the eyes of the Hon. Matt deepened, the stubby thumb signaled another halt.

"You're cutting nothing but air. Blades set too high. All you're doing is prancing around making a racket, and I want it stopped. Under-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE]

stand? Either fix that blasted mower or drop it and get out."

This ultimatum was delivered in the best Gruhley manner; low toned, but crisp, decisive, and backed up by that well-known forward thrust of the Gruhley chin. Whole district delegations had been awed by less, a little more had turned the tide in a State convention. But some of these foreigners are unbelievably dumb. This one merely shrugged his shoulders.

"I am direct by madame I mus' cut ze grass."

"Oh! The madam hired you, did she? Well, I've fired you. Is that plain?"

"I—I am discharge?"

"You've said it. You're let out, turned loose, given the air. And listen: don't ever play yourself for a gardener again, for you're the world's worst. Absolutely. If there's anything else you know more about, go try that. But not around here. Now beat it."

But the Hon. Matt found himself looking squarely into bright brown eyes which showed neither fear nor anger and only a trace of resentment.

"It is so I am not good for cut ze grass. But for other thing, yes. You do not know, many do not know, but I"—here he tapped himself on the chest—"I know. Yes. For one thing I am ze bes'—ze bes' of ze whole country."

A GRIM smile flickered about the Gruhley mouth. "You are, eh? Then, for the love of Mike, tell us what you're such a star at—shoveling snow, dishwashing, or what?"

"Me, I am chef—the head chef of them all." More chest tapping.

The Hon. Matt chuckled. "You! Why, you look as much like a chef as I do like a toe dancer. I thought all chefs were fat."

"But no! Latour, he is fat chef, but he is for pastry only. And Antoine Bardess is meat chef, who becomes *gros* from too much beer that he makes in secret. Leblanc is not fat, nor Pierre Gaste, nor Pitot; and I, Emil Tadousse, I am not fat, as you see. Never."

"No, you're skinny enough," agreed the Hon. Matt. "Don't need to prove that. But how do I know you're a chef?"

"I have say so. I am Emil Tadousse. You do not believe? *Tiens!* I will show proof. Here!"

With that he produced from somewhere under the black shirt an oiled silk packet from which he took a folded ribbon of blue satin. Gruhley inspected the thing doubtfully.

"What's all this, anyway?"

"But it is print there—First Grand Prize, National Hotel Exposition, New York, Culinary Department. By me it was won from them all—me, Emil Tadousse, chef for the Hotel Plutoria."

At last the Hon. Matt was impressed. "Wha-a-at? Chef at the Plutoria? When?"

"It is not two years since I have ze pain in my chest and ze cough so bad I mus' go in ze open air and do work like cut ze grass. Many places I go, I talk with many doctors. But I have cure myself at ze last. Once more I am strong. In a little while I go back to New York. But not yet. Not until it is warm, like Florida. Then I shall be chef again in big hotel."

THE hero she daydreamed about was a composite of three popular screen idols with something of the Prince of Wales.

"Huh!" said the Hon. Matt. "What can you cook, for instance?"

"Me? Say what I cannot cook—ze roas' meat, ze bread, ze broil feesh, ze sauce for feesh—Ah, what sauce for feesh! Ze ragout, ze soups—puree mongole, petite marmite, pot-au-feu—ze salads, ze pastries, ze——"

"Never mind the rest of the bill of fare. I know it by heart. And saying it over don't prove a thing. You talk it well enough, but can you do it? I have my doubts. You don't look as if you could boil water without scorching it."

"But—but I am Emil Tadousse!"—this with an indignant gasp.

"Ah, say it with omelettes!" growled the Hon. Matt. "You know where the kitchen door is, don't you? I'll give you a one-meal tryout and if you can hash up a luncheon that's fit to eat I'll believe you're anybody you say you are. But I'll just bet you twenty against that freak derby that you can't produce the goods."

THESE were the usual Gruhley tactics—when you can't bully 'em, kid 'em along. And, as usual, they worked. The pointed chin came up, defiance gleamed from the brown eyes.

"Then you shall see, M'sieur. With an omelette espagnol I shall tell it."

Saluting smartly, as the chasseurs salute, he disappeared through a green gate that opened into an alleged patio.

The Hon. Matt stepped across the colonnaded veranda and into the cool shade of the living room, where Arline, his buxom sister-in-law, reclined very much at ease on a wicker chaise longue, eating chocolates and listening to canned jazz. He gave her an indifferent glance, then called through the double doors!

"Oh, Annie! I'm off."

A reply boomed down the stairs. "You'd better stay off, too. The cook's quit."

"I know. I've hired another. S'long."

The next moment he was in his car being whirled away to the country club. But, for the instant, at least, the Hon. Matt had attained almost serenity of soul. He was not quite sure, but he thought he had put something over. Plucking a cook from your front lawn is no mean achievement.

Yet it was a skeptical trio which gathered about the luncheon table in the Villa Sereno. Most skeptical was Mrs. Gruhley, a double-chinned, matronly person whose blonde transformation matched neither her graying eyebrows nor her ruddy complexion.

"Who told you that tramp could cook, Matt?" she demanded.

"He did."

"Huh! You're easy. What's his name?"

"Let's see. Oh, yes! He's got a cook's name, all right. French. Sounds like—like A-meal the Deuce. Maybe what we get will taste like the deuce, too. Ring the bell, Annie, and we'll have a look."

At which the maid entered bearing a silver platter. It should have been gold, solid gold. For such a Spanish omelette as was revealed had never before graced the Gruhley table. A golden delight, delicately browned, rising mesa-like from a plain where parsley and crisp bacon blossomed unexpectedly—rosebuds fabricated of radishes, daisies made from potatoes, and the whole affair crowned by a single American Beauty which one could hardly believe was, after all, only a boiled beet.

"Gosh!" exclaimed the Hon. Matt. "Looks like a bride's bouquet."

"Almost too lovely to cut into," agreed Arline.

AND the taste thereof was a promise fulfilled. If the dish had been dressed with cunning artistry, into the blending of whatever mysteries composed the filling had gone positive genius. It was a palate tickling, a soul satisfying concoction.

When there was little left but the pseudo flowers, Mrs. Matt Gruhley made announcement. "Now we can show the Gasters and the Bibbses and the Stumps something, I guess."

"Eh?" queried the Hon. Matt.

"Lording it over us with their Japs and their Virginia mammies! No more. Matt, I want you to tell that fellow he's hired for life."

"But Annie! We don't know a thing about him. He might be any kind of a crook."

"He could have done murder for all I'd care," sighed Arline. "Long's he can cook like that."

With a majority against him the Hon. Matt pursued his own policy. He generally did. He telegraphed to Scanlon, manager of the Plutoria, asking if he had ever heard of a chef named Emil Tadousse. During the evening a reply was phoned out. "Why not ask if I've heard of Napoleon? Will wire a thousand advance if Tadousse will come back to us. Answer collect."

The Hon. Matt grinned, hunted up Emil in

his quarters over the garage, and made what he considered a liberal offer. Tadousse shook his head. The figure was doubled, trebled.

"But for two months, then, M'sieur," agreed Emil hesitantly. "After that I mus' return."

"Oh, we'll all be going North then, and by that time maybe you'll decide to stick with us."

II.

ANYWAY, that marked the beginning of the Gruhleys' splurge in Crestmoor Estates. For before the discovery of Emil they had been no more than fringers. There may be no such word, but there should be. Every social fabric has its unconsidered fringe, and even this raw, new Florida subdivision was so organized. Although the Villa Sereno was in almost the center of these so-called estates, the Gruhleys were on the social edge, and knew it.

Not that there was anything particularly the matter with them. No. They were fairly normal folks. But when you have risen, in the course of a dozen or fifteen years, from a paving and sewer contractor to the position of district boss and member of the State Legislature—well, you have moved about a lot, you have lost track of old friends, and you have been too busy to make new ones. Also you have acquired enemies. The Hon. Matt had. They were the kind who wanted to ask, and did ask, of him, "Where did you get it?" He did not tell them. He merely waved the grand old flag, pointed to his record as "a hundred per center," and retired to private life.

But Matt had "got his" in one way and another. And at fifty he found himself with ample means, abundant leisure, and a limited knowledge of how to employ either. Likewise Annie Gruhley was somewhat puzzled. They tried traveling abroad, but, after a year of knocking about in strange cities among strange peoples, they decided they didn't like it.

"Nothing in it," said Matt. "The good old U. S. A. for me every time. Let's have a winter in Florida."

It was Mrs. Gruhley's suggestion that they take her sister, Arline, along for company and Matt readily agreed. So Arline Collins was summoned from her snug retreat behind the Lost and Found desk of a department store, outfitted with a new wardrobe trunk filled with gowns of the stylish stout variety, and ushered into a mode of life for which she was quite as unprepared as if she had been dropped down from Mars.

After a fashion, however, the two women adapted themselves to their environment. They rode in wheel chairs, knitted bead bags, watched the dancing in palm-shaded tea gardens, shopped, struggled with the mysteries of bridge, exchanged conjectural gossip about wholly unknown persons seen in hotel dining rooms and on the beach. Even at that they passed many lonely hours. For they were naturally folksy persons, the Gruhley women. Annie Gruhley missed the companionship of her maids, all the details of managing a household.

If Arline had similar domestic instincts they were latent. But she was gregarious. Being among people did not satisfy her. She wanted to be of them, to see familiar faces, to give and receive confidences. And at thirty-five she was still expecting to meet her hero. Not that this is a hopeless age, but that Arline based her hope on such slender foundations.

There had been a Mr. Crowley at the wash silks counter. True, he was a middle-aged widower with an inadequate chin and a pronounced Adam's apple, but twice he had taken her to an Italian table d'hote. Also he had mentioned how nice it would be to be living in his own little apartment again if—and then he had stopped.

That Mr. Cress had broken off in much the same way the night they were coming back from Coney Island by boat. A moonlight night it was, too, and Mr. Cress had told her how long ago it was he got his divorce and why. But he had stopped just as it seemed he meant to say something important. Why? And he had left the boarding house that next week. Mr. Crowley was still at wash silks, but Arline knew he had married someone else—that skinny Miss Ryan who demonstrated electric toasters in the basement.

Of course, neither Crowley nor the Cress person measured up to Arline's ideal; for the here she had in mind, the one she day-dreamed about, was a composite of three popular screen idols, with something of the Prince of Wales thrown in. She would smile to herself as she pictured him.

Rather a nice smile Arline had, too, for, while her face was somewhat moon shaped, her features were not exactly heavy, nor her mouth a large one. Well-shaped lips, almost tempting in their red richness, and when they curved in a smile her clear gray eyes lighted wistfully. But her figure was—well, abundant. Not gross, mind you. She was neither waistless nor thick ankled. But there was depth of chest and width of thigh which no art of the modiste could conceal.

WITH placid indolence Arline accepted her new mode of life at Crestmoor Estates. She was not a fretter. In fact, her mental processes were quite simple—childlike, if you will. A dreamer, Arline. And the more exciting the moment, the tenser the situation, the more apt she was to allow her mind to drift into a static mood. She had a trick, too, of rolling her eyes until only the whites could be seen. It gave her a weird look, one which troubled her elder sister.

Was it that eye-rolling trick which scared off the men? The possibility had occurred to Sister Annie. And Arline really ought to be married. She was rather stout, it was true; but lots of 'em like that kind—especially small, thin men. It had been part of Annie Gruhley's

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BEFORE Arline knew what he was about he had bent and kissed the tips of her plump fingers.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN]

design in taking Arline along to find, somewhere in their roaming, a suitable husband for Arline—perhaps one with more money than Matt. At the resort hotels there had been small chance for more than casual acquaintanceships. Annie hoped that here in Crestmoor things would be different. They were really going to know people. They were to have neighbors, notable neighbors.

But they had been in the Villa Sereno for nearly two months, and, while their neighbors may have been notable, they had not been neighborly. No. They had stared, some of them, as they motored past, at the new occupants of the Villa. The chorus-girl wife of Joel Stump had giggled; Mrs. Marvin Gaster, hawk-nosed and gray-haired, had bowed coldly; Mrs. Bibbs, mother of the Countess—a faded little woman wearing an atrocious purple hat—had nodded almost friendly. But none had called.

THEN the semi-miraculous advent of Emil Tadousse. When this lean derelict had challenged the Hon. Matt to name something he could not cook he was guiltless of vain boasting. Such meals! Tasty, eye-pleasing, ever varied. Under his deft fingers wonders grew, each dish a surprise. Give him a fish—a red snapper, say, or a pompano—— Presto! There appeared on the Gruhley board a work of art, something floating in an opalescent sea of aspic amid tropic lagoons.

A baked ham became a veritable Mont Blanc, its summit white with unmelting mashed potato, its base as blooming as any Swiss valley. Even such commonplaces as corned beef or fried eggs became glorified at his touch, so completely disguised that the Hon. Matt would demand what in thunder this he was eating was supposed to be anyway.

"S-s-sh!" his wife would warn him. "Go out and ask him nicely afterward and tell him how good it was. He expects that sort of thing."

"On top of what I'm paying him? Then he can go on expecting."

But Arline more than made up for any lack of appreciation on Matt's part. Her praises were unstinted and sincere, for she not only enjoyed these savory efforts but she admired the decorative effects—admired with humble awe, as one views a masterpiece of art.

"Those cunning flowers you make out of radishes and things!" she said to Emil. "Must take you hours to do them."

"Pouff! But eet ees ver' simple. Attend!" And with a keen little blade he carved a perfect water lily from the plebeian heart of a turnip.

"I guess it's right, that about cooks being born. You must be one of that kind."

"But why not, m'selle? I am of a family of chefs."

"Well, I think you're perfectly wonderful, just the same."

"Ah-h-h!" And before Arline knew what he was about he had bent and kissed the tips of her plump fingers.

Arline thought best not to tell Sister Annie, but the incident was one which did not pass lightly from her mind. For the Emil Tadousse who had pushed the lawn mower so absurdly garbed was forgotten in the presence of this immaculately costumed person whose brown eyes could melt so tenderly and whose mustache had such a dashing rake. He was French. A mysterious, fascinating man.

It was after Matt had scraped a golfing acquaintance with a writing fellow, McGrane, and had brought him home for luncheon that Mrs. Gruhley revived her hopes of breaking through. The paunchy, short-legged little novelist had fairly raved over the meal, and it was merely calf's head vinaigrette.

"Wait until I rub this into old Bibbs, who brags so much about his Japs," promised McGrane.

He proved to be a most efficient press agent. Before the week was out Mrs. Bibbs had called, Mrs. Gaster had left cards and an invitation for tea, and the vivacious Mrs. McGrane had run over one noon, "for just a peek at that wonderful chef Mac has been going on so about."

By the following Monday the Stumps had capitulated. And the dinner-party campaign was launched.

It was an instant, thoroughgoing success. Arline's birthday was the occasion of the first affair, and for it Emil constructed a marvelous cake—a model of the Rheims Cathedral before the Germans shelled it. The Gruhleys, in their turn, began to be dined—and wined. Annie Gruhley discovered that Sally Gaster had a married daughter living in the Bronx, and Matt and Fred Bibbs found that they shared an equal hatred of muck-raking reformers.

So the Gruhleys were in. They learned that notables were more or less like other people, after all. That some of them, Joel Stump, for example, could be rather boring. They came to know other members of the colony who were not especially notable, but who had their good points. And the waning social season at Crestmoor Estates proved far from dull. For the first time in her life Annie Gruhley kept an engagement book, and Matt became a member in good standing of a "stonewall" duffer foursome and a Saturday night poker quintet.

"I guess it wasn't such a poor move, buying the Villa," he announced.

"And finding Emil, too," added Arline.

"Oh, him!" sniffed the Hon. Matt. 'Frenchy's all right, of course, and they're all kind of green in the eye on account of his cooking, but I could get along without so much fancy stuff, if you ask me. I don't need water lilies on my fish or radish rosebuds tucked in among my lamb chops."

At which sacrilege Arline came as near sulking as her placid disposition would permit. By

"WHY, that looks like Arline!" whispered Mrs. Gruhley. "But what—what is she sitting on?" Matt peered. "A man—Heaven help him!"

way of expiation she sought out Emil and assured him that she thought him more wonderful than ever, and all by herself she knitted for him a black silk necktie. His appreciation was expressed with such fervent gallantry that Arline was a little startled.

The one flaw which Annie Gruhley found in this little-colony life at Crestmoor Estates was a lack of young or even youngish men. So, while Arline was asked to all the neighborhood festivities, she was always that problem of the hostess, an odd woman. Perhaps a suitable, unattached male would appear next winter, thought Mrs. Gruhley, or Arline would meet him during the summer when they visited the Bibbses or the Gasters.

Arline seemed not to mind. Frequently she begged off from dinner parties on the plea that she was trying to reduce. At any rate, she was cheerful, occupied, and not always tagging along with Annie and Matt. Perhaps they should have wondered at the change in her, speculated as to the cause. But they did neither.

III.

THUS the revelation fell as a bolt from the blue. It came late one moonlit evening as the Gruhleys were walking home from a rather unsuccessful radio session at the Bibbses. They had chosen the cross-lots path leading from Jasmine Road to the southerly line of the Villa Sereno. There, adjoining the walled-in back yard, a formal garden had been laid out, with a goldfish pool and a pergola affair, over which a sprawling bougainvilkæa flung its barbaric sprays of magenta bloom. At one end was a seat, thinly shadowed, and on the seat——

"Why, that looks like Arline!" whispered Mrs. Gruhley. "But what—what is she sitting on?"

Matt paused and peered. "By the extra pair of feet, I should say it was a man—Heaven help him!"

"A man! But what man, Matt?"

"Give it up. All I can see is feet. Come along. If Arline has found anybody who's willing to hold her that way, why not let her alone?"

As though any woman would walk away from such a scene with her curiosity unsatisfied. Not Annie Gruhley. Breaking from Matt's detaining hand, she stepped to the opening of the arbor.

"Is that you, Arline?"

A pause, a gasp of surprise, a nervous giggle, and then a muffled "Yes, Annie."

"But who—who is with you?"

Another pause; more giggles. "It—it's Emil, Annie."

"Emil!" This was more than a gasp. If horror can be aspirated, then Annie Gruhley put it into that one word.

"Matt! Matt!" she called. "It's Emil!"

But the Hon. Matt had heard. Two strides and he had joined her, pushed her aside, taken command. "Arline, get up out of that!"

Having unwound her shapely white arms from some entanglement or other, Arline rose, revealing a dim figure in a black frock coat and striped trousers. It was Emil, faultlessly arrayed for sweet adventure; at least, if you accept his taste in romantic raiment.

"What do you mean by this?" demanded the Hon. Matt.

"Now, there's no use raising a row," calmly protested Arline. "This isn't the first time, nor it isn't going to be the last. But it's all right, Matt. Perfectly. He's just wonderful,

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Emil is, and he—he's asked me to marry him. I'm going to, too."

"Arline!" exploded Annie Gruhley.

"Take her in the house," ordered Matt. "I'll settle with this Emil party."

"You lay a finger on him and I'll scream," threatened Arline. "We'll run off and get married—tonight. Don't you dare touch him."

"Aw, cut out the hysterics. I wouldn't dirty my hands with him. But I mean to tell him a few things. So clear out."

Reluctantly, and not until the figure in the frock coat had waved assent, did Arline allow herself to be led away. Then, when the two men were alone in the arbor, the Hon. Matt began with curt coldness an interview which he expected to be brief and final.

"Tadousse, you have exactly five minutes to collect your traps and get out of this."

"It shall be as you say, m'sieur. But I shall return tomorrow to marry M'selle Arline."

"Not if I can stop you."

"But that you cannot. It is the law. I have ask M'sieur the Sheriff."

"So you think you can marry my sister-in-law, do you?"

"The so lovely M'selle Arline has done me the honor of making her consent."

"But you're just a cook!"

"Me? I am a chef, the head chef of——"

"Yes, we've been over that. But you're a Frenchy, a foreigner."

"You, m'sieur, are a foreigner to me. I am of France, yes; and m'selle is of America. We have forgot that we were born so far apart. We remember only that we love."

THE Hon. Matt squirmed a little at that. This was what one got by mixing with this foreign scum. Had his pure Americanism become somewhat diluted of late? Here he was, living in a silly Spanish house with a Spanish name tacked onto it. The Villa Sereno! That was the first slip. Then for two months he had been eating foreign messes whose names he couldn't even pronounce. And now a French cook had the gall to want to marry Annie's sister. Talk about your entangling foreign alliances! That would be having one right in the family.

What would the boys back in the Bronx say to that when they heard? And how about his newly made friends here in Crestmoor Estates? The Bibbses, with their countess? Why, he and Annie might just as well go jump into the gulf. He could hear the rattle-tongued Vera Stump spreading the news. "Oh, the richest thing! Absolutely! That fat sister of Mrs. Gruhley's has eloped with their French cook." With grimly set jaw he returned to the debate.

"But, see here, man. Just think what you're letting Arline in for. She'd lose all her friends, her position in society, her home with us. For of course we'd have nothing more to do with her if she married you."

"But why, m'sieur? Am I not Emil Tadousse?"

Matt groaned hopelessly. "I'll admit as a chef you're a topnotcher. But as a—well, as a man, you know——"

"Yes?" prompted Emil. "As a man?"

"Oh, you don't seem to get the point. Of course, I understand that a lot of you foreigners seem to think you're just as good as anybody else. That's all right in some cases. But not in this. Now listen while I tell you: You know I'm called Honorable, don't you? But do you know why?"

Emil indulged in a shoulder shrug. "Is it because you have much money?"

The Hon. Matt waggled a stumpy forefinger. "No, it isn't. Money hasn't anything to do with it. It's because I served two terms in the State Legislature—made laws, all that sort of thing. Two terms. And the second time I carried my district by thousands. I could have run for lieutenant governor if I'd stuck with the game. Get that? I am somebody. Now who are you?"

"But you are aware, M'sieur Gruhley, that I am Emil Tad——"

"Yes, yes! Tadousse, the great chef, winner of medals, and so on. But, outside of that, *what* are you? What have you ever been—you or your folks? That is, when they were at home."

Thoughtfully Tadousse wrinkled his brows, a puzzled look came into the brown eyes. "I? But I have always been a chef. Except, naturally, in the great war. Then I was called to the chasseurs."

"As cook?"

"But no, m'sieur. As lieutenant."

"Oh! Officer, were you?"

"Not a great officer. Only lieutenant of chasseurs."

"Well, that's something. But what I am trying to get at is this: You've never been anybody in particular, have you—you or any of your family?"

Another shoulder shrug. "We have made no laws, we have held no high office, we of the family Tadousse. Unless the Baron Henri made laws as well as broke them."

"Baron who?" asked the Hon. Matt.

"Baron Henri Tadousse de Limoux."

"And who was he?"

"He was the grandpere of my father's father."

"Wh-a-a-t! You don't mean to tell me you're a baron?"

"I am a citizen of the Republique Francaise. There has been no Baron of Limoux since the days of the last Louis."

"But listen: you say your great-great-grandfather was one?"

"That was Henri. He was—not a good man. And after him came others. Until Rene, whose head the Sansculottes carried off on a pike. Since then we have been chefs — but good chefs."

THE Hon. Matt was staring at him, studying him: "Where is this Limoux place, anyway?"

"It is in the south, near Carcassonne."

"Any of your folks still live there?"

"Oh, but yes! My sister, a widow, with children."

"Are they—er—regular people? Own property, I mean?"

"My sister lives in the old chateau, which I bought after I had become chef at the great hotel in New York. It was where the Baron Rene lived; it is where I, too, shall live some day."

The Hon. Matt exhaled deeply and noisily. "Well, I'll be damned! You! A cook who might be a baron. Why—why didn't you spill some of this before? This ought to help some. Makes everything different. Now let's get down to cases. You're dead set on marrying Arline, are you?"

"Nothing shall prevent me, m'sieur. She has charm me with her so deep sympathy, she has fascinate me with her lovely——"

"We'll grant all that. And from what she told me just now I take it that she's equally strong for you. But you're still a cook, you know. See here, Tadousse, isn't there some way that you could——"

Whatever the proposal was, it possessed such intricate details that for more than an hour the two sat in the arbor discussing them, while Luna's shining orb slowly sank behind the dark fringe of keys beyond which stretched the shimmery waters of the gulf. And the morning sun was high in the east before Annie Gruhley, rousing to note that Matt was up and shaving, called to him.

"Has he gone, Matt?"

"Oh, sure!"

"You—you weren't rough with him?"

"With that bird! I should say not. Why, say, Annie, do you know who he really is? Why, he's a—— But wait until I finish shaving and I'll give you the whole yarn." Which, while meant in all kindness by the Hon. Matt, is one of the seven subtle ways to torture a wife.

FIVE days later the Gruhley car brought home from the early morning train a slim, dark-eyed man wearing a superfluous raincoat and a derby hat. When he had been hurried to the Villa Sereno and had donned a white cap and a white uniform, he looked not unlike Emil Tadousse. But he was not Emil. Nor could he cook with such sure inspiration.

Still, he could carve rosebuds out of radishes, and his Spanish omelettes were not without merit.

Soon after it became rumored about Crestmoor Estates that the Gruhleys were expecting a guest.

"A titled Frenchman," babbled Vera Stump to Clara Gasters. "A Baron Something-or-other. The Gruhleys must have met him at Palm Beach earlier in the season. And what do you think? They say he's sweet on Arline! Can you beat it?"

Mrs. Gasters not only could but did. For in due time the Gruhley guest appeared. And he was tall and dark and distinguished looking, especially with that close-cropped black beard and the mustache with the waxed ends. There was no doubt about his being French, and no one questioned his right to a title. He was introduced as Baron Tadousse of Limoux, and as Joel Stump said:

"You only gotta look at him once to know he belongs to the nobility. Likes my champagne too. That shows."

Anyway, when it was announced that the wedding would occur in the Villa Sereno and that all the members of the cottage colony who remained until the last of April would be invited, there was a fine flutter and much canceling of reservations north.

What Arline told Annie, or what Annie said to her sister, shall be treated as private and privileged matter. With one exception.

"Tell me, Arline," begged Mrs. Gruhley, "did you go into one of your spells, with your eyes rolled, while he was making up to you?"

"I expect I did," admitted Arline. "Emil said I—I looked just like a saint that way."

"Then he's a better judge of pastry flour than he is of saints. But I'm glad you got him, Arline, even if you are robbing us of the best cook anybody could ever hope to have."

It was to Matt, during the reception and before the wedding festivities got well under way, that the blushing bride whispered confidingly:

"Emil has promised that after five years more he will quit being a chef and that we shall go to France and live in the old chateau. You must come and see me when I'm the something-or-other of a chateau, Matt."

"I will," said Matt heartily. "Ought to be worth the trip."

THE END

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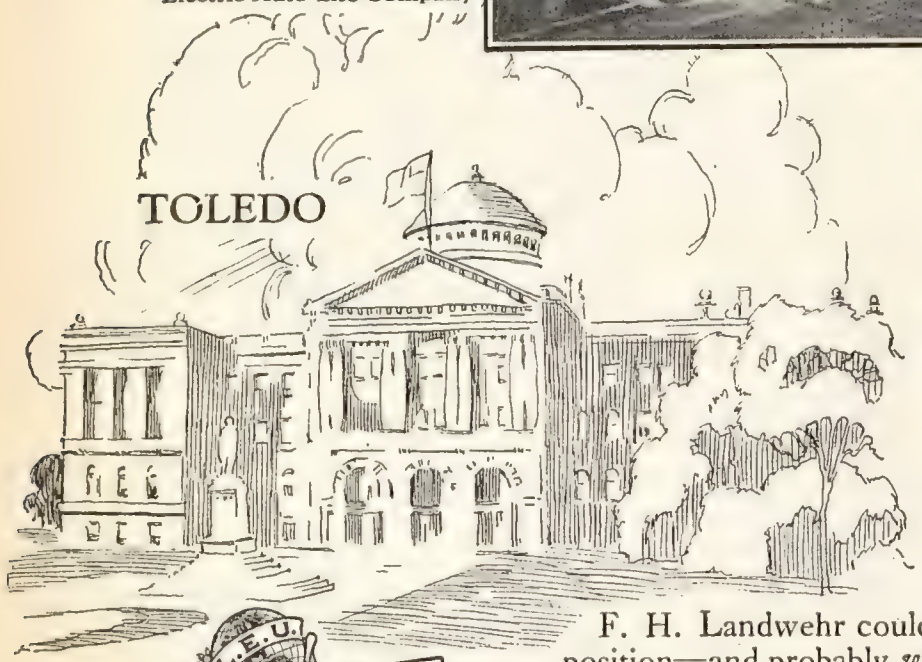

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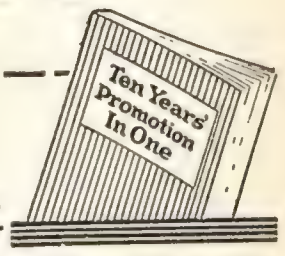

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What Do You Do When You Do Nothing?

Do You Draw Pictures, Make Faces, Drum with Your Fingers? Your Whimsy May Reflect Your Character!

By RUPERT HUGHES

Decoration by RAY ROHN

MAE MURRAY'S taste for dancing, she avers, shows in her penchant for wiggling her toes inside her shoes.

WHEN you are glaring at the silent telephone as if your glances were bullets, is your right hand scrawling pictures or numbers or initials or making foolish marks on the wall or the desk or any other surface within reach?

If so, have you ever seen a collection of drawings made by insane people? And if so, can you tell the difference between their idiotic scratchings and your own?

While you are doing a bit of heavy thinking, do you find yourself writing your own name over and over or drawing profiles and adding mustaches, whiskers, and pompadours? Do you ever sit and dream and mark the sand or the dust with a cane or a parasol tip or the toe of your shoe?

Don't you sometimes wake, as it were, and, staring with amazement at what you have done, cross it out or tear it up, lest somebody else see it and suspect you of insanity?

If you don't, you probably have some still more imbecile peculiarity which would give any life member of a lunatic asylum a perfect right to murmur:

"Come on in!"

Still, before you start for a sanitarium and beg to be admitted for treatment, it may comfort you to know that everybody, inside the bars or outside, has some habit of absent-minded action that looks silly when soberly considered.

The variety of things that people do unconsciously is infinite. Nearly everybody twiddles his or her fingers, makes faces, plays a devil's tattoo on the table or the arm of a chair, makes queer noises in the throat, frowns, whistles, hums a tune, fumbles a watch chain or a necklace, twirls a ring, makes gestures that mean nothing.

Int. Photo

Rupert Hughes marvels at the punch which Jim Tully carries in his right arm.

The cigar, the cigarette, the walking-stick and the toothpick, mustaches, chin whiskers, ringlets, bracelets, and many other things are chiefly useful, I think, as playthings to keep the muscles busy while the brain wanders.

But the things that individuals do are fascinating in their variety. The Prince of Wales is always plucking at the padding in the left shoulder of his coat. My wife's sister has a habit of pulling a lock of hair down from her forehead, wrapping it around the tip of her pretty nose with the most startling bulbous effect, and leaving it there, to the awe of the beholder, while it slowly uncurls itself.

My wife finds herself carefully writing over and over again either the name of the town she was born in or her father's initials. At the table, if the glass or the teacup has a design etched or painted on it, she carefully sips until the water or the tea reaches just the level of the design, and thus drinks always a little less or a little more than she wants.

I knew an Englishman, an ex-army officer from the Indian service. While he was thinking hardest his fingers were as busy as terriers at the buttonholes of his coat. They kept tugging at the thread till

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they found the knot, dug it up, and pulled out the stitching.

Now, a buttonhole, like one or two other precious things in life, once violated, can never be restored to its pristine integrity. So, this poor man's wife was forever trying to whip those tattered buttonholes back into shape, while her husband, like a male Penelope, unraveled them regularly again.

A less expensive habit was that of the writer of cowboy stories, Henry Wallace Phillips. His mathematical training had impressed on his mind the principle that "the angle of incidence equals the angle of reflection." In his periods of concentration he would look up at a spot on the ceiling, imagine his glance to be a bouncing ball, and follow it to the floor, rise with it on the next bounce, and so, in a huge zigzag, out of the window and across the landscape, till it was lost to sight.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is apt to trace on the ground with his cane the outline of his immortal shoes. He also murmurs frequently to himself, "Yes, yes."

I asked his friend, Jim Tully, about Chaplin's absent-minded actions, and he was generous enough to send me not only what I asked for but a deal more which I can do no better than quote in his own vivid words:

"Once, on location, when Charlie Chaplin sat a long time apparently doing nothing, he held the stub of a pencil in his hand and traced the picture of a house and a fence straggling around it, with a few stray whiffs of smoke crawling uncertainly out of a chimney. He kept saying 'Yes, yes,' as he drew the picture almost unconsciously.

"When he had finished I said, 'Charlie, let's see what you've been doing in your dream.'

"I gasped at the feeling of the picture: it had the woebegone and inarticulate groping of a race in it; it was blended with pathos as though the spirits of the gropers of worlds were camping in the yard and under the roof and their souls burning slowly and making uncertain smoke.

"'That's great, Charlie,' I said as I took it from him.

"'Yes, yes,' he answered; 'life is damn funny, Jim.'

"When Jack Dempsey does nothing he does it with tigerish restlessness. Whenever possible he holds his hands together, elbows spread out, as though ready to raise either hand for a terrific right or left cross. He has a habit of counting the fingers of each hand with the thumb and forefinger of the other hand. He will do this six or seven times, and then he will squeeze the hand, fist closed, with the palm and fingers of the other hand. He follows this up by cracking the knuckles, and then goes back restlessly to the first procedure.

"Frank Keenan, the actor, has a habit of allowing a pencil to run through his fingers, making an up-and-down motion of it.

"The late Frank Gotch, the wrestler, used to fold his arms, each hand squeezing the muscles of the other arm. He would press the muscles for fifteen and twenty minutes at a time.

"Snapper Garrison, the famous jockey, used to lean forward in his chair as though grasping the reins, every muscle taut, jaw shot forward. Catching himself, he would lean back and smile.

"When Bob Davis, the editor, does nothing he holds his hands taut on the arms of his chair and wheels about; and each revolution of the office chair means another plot for a story.

"I once sat at a table with Jack London a short time after he had been operated upon for appendicitis. A doctor had just left us, after recalling to Jack the tale of the doctor who had operated upon him, and who had said, as he held the appendix up:

"'Alone in London!'

"'Alone in London,' said Jack, very low. 'A little or a big universe, according to the mind.'

"We watched the different characters in the cafe, neither of us saying a word, each enjoying that silence that comes between people who understand. The table was wet in spots from the remnants of liquor. Jack took the bottom of his hot toddy glass and drew a map of America out of streaks of liquor, sitting quietly, no muscles moving save those of his hand and forearm. It was a painstaking task, and now and then the streaks of liquor dividing states would dry up. Jack would redraw them carefully, lost in oblivion. When it was all done, he obliterated it with the bottom of the glass and said, 'Alone in London—huh!'

"When Konrad Bercovici does nothing he pulls the ends of a long black mustache until they are straight; then he twists them until they resemble the strands of a small rope.

"When Will Rogers does nothing he continually slaps his hip with a newspaper until it is worn into shreds—a habit, no doubt, acquired as a cowboy. Charlie Russell, the cowboy painter, once said, 'I'm afraid to go any place with Will where there's ladies, 'cause he's liable to wear his pants out a-hittin' them.' He also hits himself with a rope on the stage as he says, 'Well, what'll we talk about now? I see by the paper——,' etc."

And now, having drawn so lavishly on Mr. Tully's researches, I will repay him by exposing his own behavior.

When Jim Tully does nothing he does one of two things: he sits perfectly still and stares into space an hour or more at a time, until the steady gaze and concentration in reverie often bring on a severe headache. This is when he is alone. When he is in a crowd of people his eyes rove about until every individual within vision is focused on his mind. He says he acquired the habit as a youthful tramp.

He owes his great success as a writer to his power of observation, and all good scouts know that the best way to see everything is to look fixedly at nothing: hence the roving of his eyes when he is apparently doing nothing.

JOHN GOLDEN, the theatrical manager, while meditating a new production or hearkening greedily to an eager dramatist, draws the same homely face over and over. A glimpse at the drawing shows how wise he was to become a theatrical manager.

Ray Long draws his own initials with a pencil or with his fingernail.

Miss Mae Murray tells me that she believes there is a prophetic value in the first muscular habits of a child.

"I am always wiggling my toes and dancing inside my shoes," she said. "My toes express me. I have been wiggling my toes inside my shoes since I first wore shoes. That was an indication that I was meant to be a dancer. I think that children should be watched and their first instinctive habits noted. They will foreshadow the future the child is best fitted for by nature."

It is a fascinating theory, and when we grow a little more humane it may be practiced. In our present state of proximity to our second cousins, the monkeys, the unconscious activities of children inspire us with a wild desire to wring their necks or chop off their hands and feet.

What do *you* do when you do nothing?

As for me, I find myself drawing all sorts of faces, or geometrical figures, or fanciful letters of the alphabet. My fingers have a maddening game that I have tried in vain for years to stop playing: I whack my little finger and thumb on the table five times; then I whack my index and ring finger three times; then my middle finger once; then the index and ring finger three times; then the thumb and little finger five times. This forms a sort of pyramid, and I find myself performing all sorts of variations of it.

I hope there is no ghastly Freudian significance to it and that I have not confessed to some unspeakable suppressed desire. I am afraid so, however, because I have the mad yearning to break off the habit that goes with complexes. And, after reading what Freud did to Leonardo da Vinci after studying his sketchbooks, I can only hope that none of my aberrations ever fall under his terrible eyes.

At times I wake from deep thought—or stupor—to realize that my truant hands have been at their five-finger exercises again, and I rebuke them, break off in the middle of the digitation and leave it unfinished.

But this has the torturing effect of omitting the last note of a tune or swearing off on liquor. Still, in spite of the distress, I torment myself as people have always tormented themselves and each other for the sake of discipline, self-control, and other unprofitable ends.

ONCE I tossed off a quip that went about a bit. Watching my sister-in-law doing a piece of fancywork while her chatter raced with her needles, Heaven chose me as the mouthpiece of a profound wisdom, and I announced this epoch-making discovery:

"At last I know why women love to knit: it gives them something to think about while they're talking."

The more intently one meditates or concentrates upon the theme of his own conversation or listens to another's, the more surely he keeps some of his muscles in action.

At a dinner table one rearranges the cutlery, or fools with a spoon, or fills the hostess' heart with hate as he marks the damask tablecloth with a fork or a knife.

Artists have a way of drawing pictures on anything within reach, particularly table linen. Hy Mayer once published a drawing of a great painter who idly sketched on a restaurant cloth a marvelous cartoon, then said to the waiter with grandiose condescension, as if he expected the man to frame the masterpiece:

"Oh, waiter, I have made a drawing on the tablecloth."

The waiter, aiming to please, exclaimed:

"Don't worry, sir; it will come out in the wash."

And then the poor dolt wondered why he lost a tip.

Perhaps some of the authors who have called on a certain eminent editor have wondered why their conversation seemed to distress him and their contributions came back. They never realized that while they were talking about their favorite subjects, themselves, they were thoughtlessly picking up the little wire clips he keeps on his desk and stringing them together into chains, festoons, and necklaces. When they have finished at last, there is nothing to do but throw the clips into the waste basket and wish the contributors' contributions there. The clips are too cheap to untangle, but their misuse is a peculiar annoyance to the editor.

In nothing is true courtesy shown more delicately than an eternal vigilance against little trespasses on the sensibilities and minor rights of our neighbors. Under the head of unwar-

ranted intrusion on a neighbor's rights come the habits of nudging, poking, elbowing, clutching, and winking at one's companion. Some people cannot carry on a conversation without leaving you black and blue.

It is disquieting enough to see people manipulating their own properties or persons, but it is a persecution when they begin on yours. Some people are forever plucking hairs and flecks of dust from other people's clothes while they talk. They take up your favorite pen and jab holes in your blotter. They rearrange your things or take liberties with your table furniture or desk equipment.

I DON'T know how the Lord happened to omit from the Ten Commandments something about "Thou shalt not fidget!"

There was a story about a preacher who had to watch a small boy beneath him making faces all through the sermon till the poor man broke off his most melting period to shout down at the urchin:

"If you don't sit still, I'll come down there and twist your head off!"

No minister has ever won my sympathy more completely.

There is a saint for this muscular instability—Saint Vitus. The dance named after him is a violent disease, but we all dance a few steps of it.

Many handsome people ruin their beauty by grimaces of the most distorting effect. A woman told me of a pretty girl who incessantly made faces that gave her a hideous aspect. Once while leaning against a bureau, the girl screwed her visage into the usual knot, and the woman whirled her around so that she caught a glimpse of how she looked to other people. The vision resulted in a quick cure.

A long catalogue could be made of the twitchings, winkings, squintings, jaw-grinding, ear-and-nose-annoying habits. And the sounds!—hummings, teeth-gnashings, coughings, shuflings, lip-smackings. Worst of all is a clicking sound made by sucking the air through one's teeth; there is something about this that has a conceited, self-satisfied effect and is infuriating to the jumpy listener.

Wide World Photo

Charlie Chaplin—When he falls into thought, he sketches and says "Yes, yes."

A man's profession or trade will affect his unconscious habits. A sailor twitches his trousers; an artist squints his eyes; a soldier squares his shoulders; a golfer estimates distances and lies; a preacher gables his fingertips or casts up his eyes; a singer goes mee-mee-mee!

Races have their own peculiarities, and these are apt to be as annoying to other races as the difference in racial smells. Wars have been brought nearer, no doubt, by ridicule of racial habits.

The Englishman used to think that the Frenchman's shrug of a shoulder was an intolerable offense. The Frenchman found in the glassy stare and the drawl of the Englishman a proof of perfidious insolence.

Will Rogers, the comedian, when absent-minded, slaps his hip with a newspaper until it is worn to shreds.

P. & A. Photo

John Golden, theatrical producer, almost invariably draws a certain face when thinking or listening.

Our own countrymen used to drive foreigners almost mad by their peculiarities, some of which have been actually laughed and sneered out of existence, just as children may be ridiculed into good behavior.

In 1842 Mrs. Trollope visited this country and found everything on earth the matter with it, but was especially irritated by certain universal customs:

"There is one thing by which you can detect an American anywhere, even exclusive of his spitting, his swearing, his cheating, his fanaticism, and the long nap to his hat. It is a custom common to every one of them of *whittling*—that is, cutting shavings from a little stick with the penknife.

"Indeed, an American is emphatically a whittling animal. He whittles in a storm, he whittles in a calm, he whittles when he is awake, he whittles when he is asleep, he whittles in the summer, he whittles in the winter, he whittles when he reads, when he writes; he whittles at sea, and he whittles on land; at home or abroad, in church or in camp, at the fireside of his friend, and at the feet of his mistress.

"If he is suddenly delighted with anything, he swears, spits, and out comes his penknife. If he is grieved at the death of a friend or any other melancholy incident, he spits, swears, and resorts again to his infallible occupation, easing his overloaded mind by peeling curled shavings from a piece of pine wood.

"I never saw one of them (and I was familiarly acquainted with their very elite) who did not spend several hours a day at this singular and ludicrous employment. In the first families in New York there are two indispensable requisites to be seen on the sideboard regularly every morning before breakfast. One is a large jug of liquor prepared with a sort of loathsome grass called mint (the whole is entitled a mint julep, and surely a more execrable mixture never passed the lips of man), the other is a tumbler of little pine sticks with an odd parade of penknives for the accommodation of the guests who whittle—that is, for the accommodation of all."

While Mrs. Trollope's sacrilegious reference to the mint julep shows a venomous prejudice, we may rejoice that Uncle Sam has outgrown some of the childish crudities that Mother England abused him for.

THERE is probably no part of parentage so hard to endure as the idle industries of children. They all encounter certain maddening habits. Nail-biting is one of the most crucial. I know a woman of fifty who still bites her fingernails. Her parents must have gone through six purgatories in their efforts to stop her!

While parents are driven frantic by their children's habits, they are driven still more frantic by each other's habits. The divorce courts hear of cruelty, infidelity, nonsupport, intoxication, and things of that sort. But the breaking strain must be built up by the appalling compulsion to watch each other's little muscular specialties and the unconscious activities that the psychopathologists call *tics*.

The antipathies aroused and exacerbated by these pathetic acts of restlessness must have caused more murders and elopements than any acts of disloyalty. They are too silly to mention in the affidavits, but they have doubtless ruined more homes than has gin.

And now, having confessed my own silly customs and betrayed so many of the fatuities of others, I call upon you, gentle reader, to come out into the open and confess yours.

What do *you* do when you do nothing?

THE END

Kid Los Angeles

An Article About a Friendly Family Fight to a Finish, Where There's No Place for Innocent Bystanders!

EASTERN people, busy with their own troubles, may not know that there is a feud between Los Angeles and San Francisco. Until a few years ago there was no feud, because there was only one large, dominant metropolis. San Francisco ruled the West Coast. Then, almost without warning, Los Angeles sprang to the middle of the calcium glare and the railways began running trains in five sections.

The older city glanced at this manifestation and said, "mere tourists"; but so many of the tourists stuck that the older city presently became the smaller city, which was a sad blow, considering its fair fame, its glorious history, romantic achievements, civic culture, and its pride.

To this day, San Francisco refuses to admit that Los Angeles is a city at all, seeing only a large collection of rural human beings of no distinction, who have gathered in one place and have the externals of a municipality, but none of the lofty essentials that constitute a genuine city. Los Angeles, when making answer, merely chuckles, with the thumb lightly touching the end of the nose. Hence the feud.

FROM a sheltered position on the edge of the sidelines, as nearly as I can puzzle out this California trouble there isn't much to it. No blood has been spilled and no call for Federal troops is anticipated during the present fiscal year.

It is simply and purely a family affair, and interference from outside quarters would not be welcomed and would be, in point of fact, met and handled in the usual way. Strange persons stepping into this private feud would step out again, carrying the usual mess of wounds and contusions that the kind-hearted Samaritan always carries after trying to patch up trouble between a man and his wife.

Accurately speaking, you could not call this business a feud, because, up to the time of going to press, nobody has been shot from ambush. Los Angeles cigar salesmen and bond experts pass freely along the streets of San Francisco in comparative safety, and Los Angeles voters have entirely refrained from rooftop sniping at Frisco bankers as the latter stroll about town purchasing movie studios and putting up expensive apartment buildings.

Frisco, by the way, is a forbidden word used herein as a synonym for San Francisco. It is a nice, compact, cuddly little word that fits in anywhere, and while strangers in the Bay City are warned against it, I am going to use it and take the consequences.

The fatalities have been so far comparatively few and have been brought about mainly by conversational bomb-throwing, such as, "Well, if you think you got such a grand town up there (or down there), why the hell don't you go home and stay there?" And it is only rarely that the citizens forget themselves and indulge in such rude remarks.

The ordinary Los Angeles gent is painfully polite to the Frisco gent. The Frisco gent actually overreaches himself trying to be affable to the other end of the feud, so that, outwardly, the dove of peace flutters over all and grows fat.

When I first wafted into this favored State, where the sun shines three hundred and eighty-nine days per annum, and decided to be a Native Son for the next fifty-seven years, I chanced upon Los Angeles, and a real estate salesman hooked me and had me in escrow before I could remove the train cinders from my ears. That same accident of chance might have carried me to San Francisco, in which event I would now be looking down upon Los Angeles with a pitying smile.

Consequently, I became a rabid soucal. A soucal is any person living south of San Luis Obispo and is distinguished from a norcal, or native of northern California, by the fact that he never wears a derby hat and is slower getting out of the way of taxicabs. While I am a strong supporter of Southern California, I am also extremely fair-minded and, in giving time and thought to this study of the feud of two cities, I am determined to treat them both with justice and rigid impartiality, the same

vs. BATTLING FRISCO

AS we see it down here, Frisco was and Los Angeles is. They have their undeniable culture, but we have our movie queens.

By FRANK CONDON

Picture by R. F. JAMES

sort that a bootlegger gets these days in a metropolitan court.

To begin with, San Francisco loves to picture itself to itself as a large, bustling, teeming metropolis, a shade more cosmopolitan than London and a few degrees swifter than Paris, with poor old New York dragging along dismally in the rear.

"We are the New York of the Pacific Coast," the residents say proudly, wishing at the same time that New York were a bit faster and more citified.

No matter where it looks, Frisco sees itself hurrying along, bent upon huge enterprises and dallying with financial matters of a truly stupendous character. It does, it claims, large things largely in a large way.

A San Francisco business man meets another Frisco business man on Market Street, near the Ferry Building, and they shake hands rapidly.

"Good morning, Wilbur," says the first business man. "You still own that building across the street?"

He indicates, with a wave of his cigar, an imposing marble-and-stone edifice, towering into the perfect Frisco sky. Thousands of people are pouring in and out. The elevators are dashing madly up and down.

"Yes," replies Wilbur, casually, "I own it."

"Want to sell it?"

"Certainly."

"How much?"

"Four million nine hundred thousand dollars."

"Sold," says Henry, the first business man, taking a fifty-dollar solid gold fountain pen out of his hundred-dollar vest pocket.

He whips out his imported checkbook, writes a quick check for the entire sum then and there, and hands it to Wilbur, who stuffs it carelessly into his clothes. Then they shake hands again and go to lunch in a solid onyx restaurant, with silver cherubs on the ceiling, where they consume forty dollars' worth of sirloin steak, stewed shrimps, and baked alaskas.

There's Frisco for you—quick, definite, big and complete, and no time wasted over pulling details. On the other hand, they regard Los Angeles as a rather bulky and spread-around community, full of petty retailers from Kansas and Iowa ex-farmers now running oil stations.

A BUSINESS deal in Los Angeles, as Frisco sees it, is conducted along slightly different lines. One Los Angeles business gent encounters another.

"Good morning, Hemmingway," says Oliver, who has come from Des Moines, where he formerly ran a hay store, with a bird seed business on the side.

"Morning."

"You still own that acre lot out there by the gas works?"

"Sure."

"Want to sell it?"

"Yeah."

"How much?"

"Four hundred dollars."

"Too much," says Oliver, lighting a five-cent cigar. "I'll give you two hundred and ten dollars for it, eleven dollars cash money paid down, and pay off the balance at the rate of nine dollars a month, with interest at four per cent."

"Sold," says Hemmingway.

They shake hands on the deal and walk into a cafeteria for lunch, where they eat, together, twenty-two cents' worth of cinnamon buns.

Until the fateful year of 1920, San Francisco regarded Los Angeles as a sprawling and uncouth village, rather large to be sure, but lacking the true urban qualities, spiritual and physical, that make a real city.

But in 1920, to Frisco's pained amazement, Los Angeles passed it in population, leaped out in front with a glad cry of triumph, and howled about the fact in its newspapers. Frisco gathered her skirts more closely about her patrician form and sneered politely, but without any particular result or effect upon Los Angeles, because if there is any one thing that delights Los Angeles it is a fresh wagonload of Grade A sneers, delivered at the front door with the morning milk.

To make matters worse, the southern Carth-

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age of the Golden State has been leaping ever since in the matter of population, wildly leaping, with a total disregard for established precedents, accumulating rent and tax payers in a way that Frisco regards as bordering closely upon mere vulgarity.

I have the exact figures at hand, obtained from a conservative Los Angeles citizen, who has all his money in local real estate. The population of Los Angeles, he says, is now one million three hundred and seventeen thousand eight hundred and eleven, counting a family that came in last week in a covered truck from Broken Drum, Wisconsin.

The population of San Francisco, as given in the Federal census statistics of 1920, was five hundred and six thousand six hundred and seventy-six, and it may be slightly greater today, but not enough to cause any excitement.

THESE are bitter facts, of course, and hard to swallow up North, and if this influx continues for a few years longer, as it promises to, Los Angeles will stand, with reference to Frisco, as New York now stands with reference to Newark, New Jersey. The same Los Angeles person told me, and said I could repeat it as coming from him, that in the year 1983 Los Angeles will have the largest population that any city ever had since the world began. His exact figures were slightly over fourteen million, which, of course, colors the future gray for Frisco.

This is bitter medicine, but nothing was ever gained by refusing to look a situation in the face. San Francisco has been the Queen of the Pacific since the gold-rush days of 1850, and to be casually pushed aside and thrust, so to speak, into the background by a hurrying mob of Iowa and Kansas refugees, is distasteful and hurtful to Northern pride. This is the body and bones of the feud. The day of Frisco's glory is over, the same as the high wheel bicycle and the mustache comb.

When a Friscan does stoop to discuss the matter at all, he says that if he were to reach out greedily and annex Berkeley and Oakland he would easily pass Los Angeles. This is a back-handed slap at the latter's passion for area, which has led to the gathering in of a cluster of near-by suburban towns under the motherly wing, and also under the same motherly tax rate. Some of these towns are not so near by as they might be, which evokes sarcastic comment, and Los Angeles, as a result, is the largest city in the entire world in point of miles. Beside it, London is a mere hamlet, and Brooklyn or Buffalo could be chucked away in one of our out-

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lying orange groves without causing a ripple. I encountered a sun-kissed rancher the other day who hadn't seen a street car in nine years.

"Where you been?" I asked.

"Livin' right here in Los Angeles all the time," he answered, pointing to his ample acres.

Yet, while Los Angeles has gone ahead cheerfully, taking in such loose territories as happened to be lying about it, it is not fair for Frisco to talk of annexing Oakland, for Oakland lies over beyond a large bay, one of the largest bays I have ever seen, and could in no way be considered a natural suburb.

Another view is that if Oakland continues to hustle at the speed of the last ten years, Frisco will do well to look sharp, or Oakland will step out some dark night with a gunny sack and Frisco will find itself west of Oakland in the morning.

IN the good old days, San Francisco was surely a glory hole, where the gold flowed in and great families arose. It was a town of adventure, mystery, excitement and romance, all tinged with a dash of faint perfume from the Orient. Its women were the most beautiful and its men were the bravest. There were more exciting things to be done after eight in the evening, and more interesting ways of doing them, than could be found anywhere on the globe, even east of Suez.

Even today, the fogs that drift in across the Golden Gate seem to paint the cheeks of Frisco's radiant femininity with a rarer kind of bloom, that can never be bought in a store, but the consensus down this way is that the day of Frisco's grandeur is over. She is now a large, prosperous, pleasant and somewhat hilly municipality, containing the usual number of excellent restaurants and high-class hotels, and half a dozen theaters.

Of course, up there, they claim that Los Angeles is composed exclusively of persons who blew in with one shirt and one dollar and never changed either. This is a well-worn saying and endures year after year. A man with a hard cough was disposed of when you told him that you saw he had one of those Los Angeles laughs, and a misguided statesman ruined an otherwise promising career by rising up in the legislative body and offering an amendment, which the papers noticed, suggesting that the State split, and that the upper half be henceforth known as California and the lower half as Cafeteria.

Speaking of cafeterias brings us naturally to the subject of shrimps, and there Frisco has all the better of it. The shrimps of Frisco are the real McCoy, and never let anybody tell you otherwise. Los Angeles shrimps are of a different breed and taste like shredded inner tube. The same applies to Frisco sirloin steaks, which lead the world in general succulence.

Going back to the feud, we find that Frisco has always pretended to laugh heartily over the movies and to seem delighted that they chose the southern city.

"Don't want 'em and wouldn't have 'em," she said, haughtily; whereupon, after watching the movie pay roll for a year or two, she proceeded to build a few choice studios just for the fun of the thing. She also sent emissaries south and finally lured a number of brave producers, who put on their woolen underwear and sallied forth into the foggy wastes in search of salable close-ups.

This venture is now ended. The producers have returned to the home nest, bearing chilblains and financial frostbites of a most depressing character.

With regard to the cafeteria situation, Los Angeles for many years afforded the up-Staters plenty of mild amusement, and there was always mirth over the spectacle of our hungry natives feeding themselves lettuce salad and lemon cream pie, and wearing non-skid treads across the front of their respective abdomens with the edge of a slippery tray.

After chuckling a reasonable time, Frisco went into the cafeteria business, and you will now find experts on Market Street who can steam through a noonday lunch crowd at twelve miles an hour with a loaded tray and never spill a bean.

In the matter of physical beauty, I will have to make certain distinctions. The male of San Francisco is, without doubt, a handsome dog compared with his fellow-citizens down this way. He dresses better, and looks more like a sophisticated man-of-the-world than Los Angeles brethren. There never was a large, busy American metropolis with as low a standard of male pulchritude as you will find set up in L. A. The homeliest men in the land come here to investigate, admire the place, decide to settle down, and then send home for the younger brothers, who start immediately, and the younger brothers are always fifteen per cent homelier than the first comers.

So Frisco wins.

However, when we come to the girls, we see a reverse picture. Far back in the old days, when romance scuttled down the streets of Frisco and the six-shooter gleamed on every hip, that city may have led the world in feminine beauty. Even today you can walk down Market Street, or survey the scene in the lobby of a leading hotel, and you will find it easy to gaze upon the lovely women. The average is high, but when you seek a higher average you take the night train and start for Los Angeles.

The movies have done it. The movies are full of astonishingly pretty women, but there is also another army of pretty girls, not in the movies. They came, intending to conquer the film world, found the competition too keen, and settled down in other jobs, and each one of them helps Los Angeles in her claim of having the prettiest women in the world.

AS we see it down here, Frisco was and Los Angeles is.

They have their undeniable culture, but we have our realtors, movie queens, oil barons and our peerless harbor, and don't overlook our harbor. Within it the combined fleets of the entire world may ride calmly at anchor, just as soon as we finish digging it. . . . It is not a natural harbor, turned out by a cataclysm of nature when the world was hot. It is a synthetic port, dug up bucket by bucket, at six dollars a day, but just the same, last year the total shipping boosted Los Angeles into either second or third place in volume of water-borne trade.

Where is Frisco? Fourth! Certainly.

Innocent people back East have the notion that San Francisco and Los Angeles stand cheek-by-jowl, glaring at each other over a back fence. Not at all. They are separated by five hundred miles. San Franciscans coming down here to invest their money have to ride on a train for twelve hours.

Local residents who go north are usually prisoners bound for San Quentin Penitentiary, because we've got a good town here and it is rarely we elect to leave it unless we have to.

Of course, what Frisco says about the Los Angeles River is more or less true. We have the only river in the world which has to be irrigated in summer to keep the fish from dying.

Persons intending to come to California during the present year cannot possibly make a mistake. I have as nice a little house and lot as a man ever saw, and my ideas about it are reasonable. If we can't fix you up down here in Los Angeles, you can try San Francisco. Either town has anything in the East licked by as far as Nurmi can run in seven years.

THE END

BRIGHT SAYINGS *of* CHILDREN

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright sayings of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago.

Couldn't Find Her Feet

"Daddy, please come turn on my light for me," pleaded little Helen one evening as she was sent to her room at her regular bedtime. The light from her father's reading lamp threw only a dull glimmer into her room through a half-open door.

"Go to bed without a light," somewhat brusquely ordered Helen's father, as he was comfortably settled in his big chair with a favorite magazine and did not want to get up. "You don't need a light to take off your clothes and shoes; you can find your feet all right in the dark."

"No, I can't find my feet, either," was the little girl's quick denial. "I got on black shoes!"—H. E. P., Brooklyn, N. Y.

He Wanted to Change Seats

Supper was about to be served. Little Billie climbed into his accustomed seat at the table, where his small-sized plate, knife, fork, and spoon had been placed. Noticing chicken pot-pie being placed upon the table, his eyes gleamed. He smiled, then patted his stomach, and said:

"Mother, may I sit in your chair or daddy's tonight? I think I can eat a big plate."—S. L. F., Newark, N. J.

Of Course, She Couldn't Tell!

Roberta was visiting her two maiden aunts. "Now tell us," coaxed Aunt Ellen, "which one of your aunts you love more, Aunt Grace or me."

The child looked from one to the other in great embarrassment. "Go on," argued Aunt Grace. "We want to know."

"I don't want to say," Roberta said desperately. "It might make Aunt Ellen mad."—G. W. W., Gallatin, Tenn.

Why Call Them "Tea Roses"?

I missed little Mary one day, and after looking all over the place for her, I found her in the back yard with a peck of rose leaves and, to my dismay, I saw that she had stripped all the leaves from my most beautiful rose bushes. "Mary," I said, "for goodness sake, what have you stripped the leaves from my beautiful roses for?"

"Well, mamma," she said, "I heard you say that you was out of tea this morning, and I thought I would get you some."

"What on earth has that got to do with these rose leaves?" I asked.

"Well, that's all right," she answered, "grandma just told me they were tea roses."—R.G.M., Mobile, Ala.

Star Making

A Confession of the Theater

By David Belasco

© Strauss-Peyton

Frances Starr, a talented Belasco discovery who rose to fame in Eugene Walter's The Easiest Way.

In Which Mr. Belasco Tells How Some Famous Women of the Stage Were Led, and Some Were Driven, Into the Calciums of Broadway

Selby Photo

David Belasco, dean of the theater and star-maker extraordinary.

Wide World Studio Photo

Lenore Ulric, famous as the street gamin, Kiki, who recently left The Harem, a Belasco production.

A ROYAL road to stage success?

There is none. In its place is a thorny, boulder-strewn trail difficult to follow by any but the born hill-folk. It is a road for the brave; those who will not admit defeat. There is no refreshing stream, no bower in which to rest and gather new strength. *Christian* in Pilgrim's Progress had no more difficult pathway.

Given talent, personality, loyalty, the actress may go far. Lacking fidelity to any of the three, particularly loyalty, she must fail. There is no middle road.

Natural talent for the stage is the first requisite. One of each several hundred thousand women possesses it. But even though the talent is there she still will fail unless she is amenable to the discipline which breaks down inhibitions and the inferiority complex.

Fortunately, the average young woman with dramatic talent is eagerly ambitious. Usually she can be led with kindliness and sympathetic instruction far along her chosen path. Blanche Bates, Frances Starr, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Judith Anderson, co-star with Holbrook Blinn in The Dove, and Beth Merrill, feminine lead in Ladies of the Evening, all are noteworthy examples.

But there is a subdivision in which one must classify Mrs. Carter, Miss Starr, and Miss Ulric—the heading of inhibition and inferiority complex. The actress encounters a role so foreign to her own make-up that she fears its proper interpretation will serve but to make her ridiculous. Dynamite away these imaginary limitations, and a star is born!

Frances Starr and Mrs. Carter gave me my most thrilling experiences; Mrs. Carter for years, Miss Starr for a few weeks. With each I was forced to lead—then blast. Both were eagerly ambitious; each came finally to the point where dramatic frenzy was just out of reach.

I had chosen Miss Starr out of a stock company after her name had stood in my "Possibilities" book for two years. I always am on the lookout for talent for my companies, and every member of the official "Belasco Family" is a Belasco scout for talent. When some member of the "family" reports a likely prospect I never fail to see that player within a few days.

It was thus I discovered Miss Starr. She was a member of a small stock company in New York in 1905. As usual, I had slipped into the audience as unostentatiously as possible.

Miss Starr had an important role in The Banker's Daughter and more than did it justice. I felt sure that with her apparent capabilities I could place her among the stars. So her name went into the "Possibilities" book, and I made it a point to see her work from time to time.

One night I sent her word to see me. When I arrived at my office at eight o'clock on the following morning—my invariable custom when I have new productions in mind—Miss Starr was waiting for me. She was a frail, nervous girl with a highly strung temperament. Plainly her first need was to regain her strength. I sent her to a physician, engaged a trained nurse for her, saw to it that she ate a prescribed diet and that she exercised daily in the open air.

At first she resented this, but soon she came to see my point of view and became as rugged as a girl of her temperament could be. Therein, of course, was the basis for her later success.

Eugene Walter had written The Easiest Way and the role of *Laura Murdock,* a beautiful but pitiable weakling, was especially for her.

Miss Starr met all of the requirements up to the climax. Then, abandoned by the man she loves, facing adversity, she decides on suicide. But she lacks the bravery for the final second. Realization comes to her in a moment of tense

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

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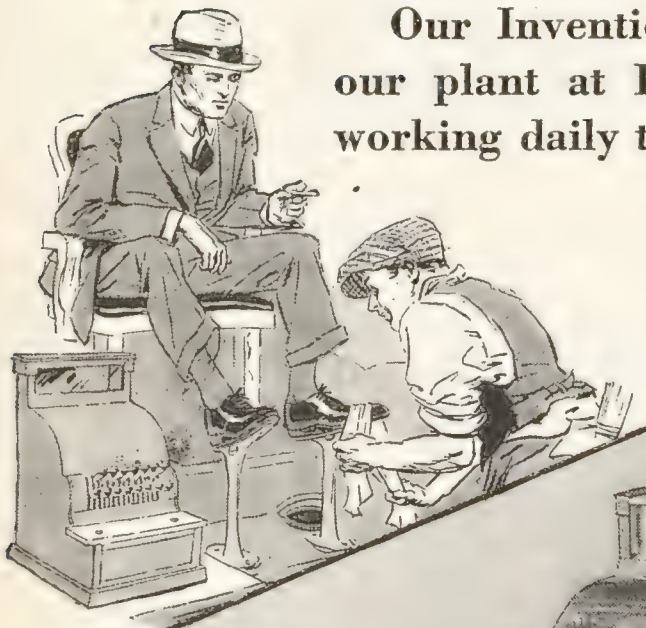

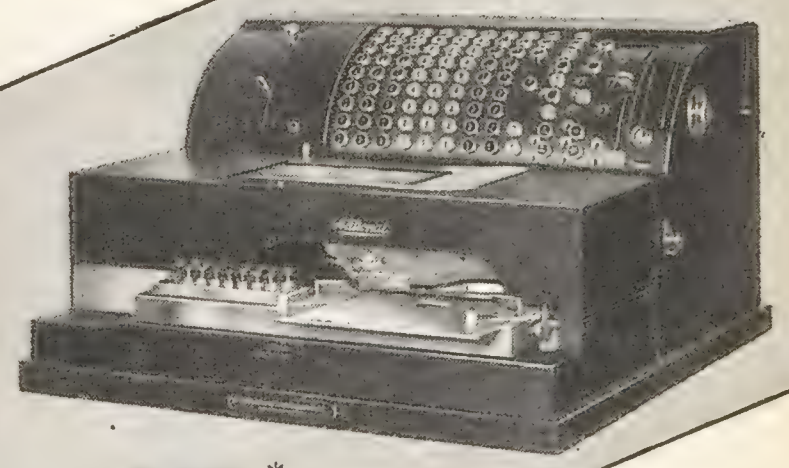

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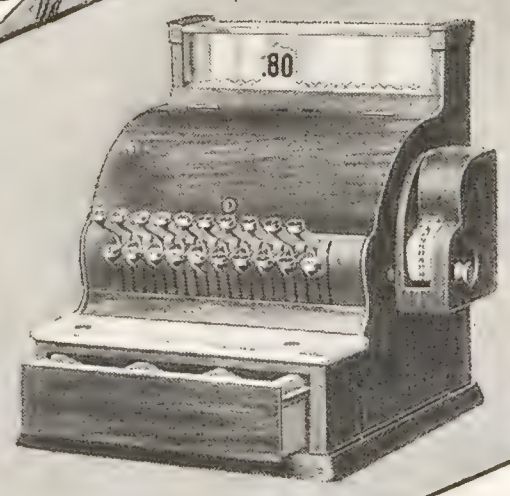

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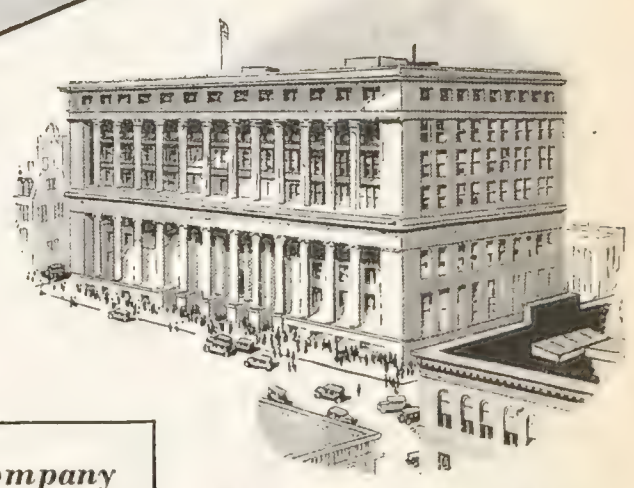

The National City Bank of New York has just installed twenty National Bank Machines, which are the most complete machines ever made for this purpose. They make and print all deposit records in three different places with one operation. One in the depositor's pass-book. One on the bank's ledger. And one on the journal sheet. None of these records is a copy. All are originals. All are identical. These records are safeguarded under lock and key.

National Cash Registers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

emotion and with a shrill, bloodcurdling shriek, she casts the pistol from her.

I had known all along that this situation was sure to make terrific demands on Miss Starr; that the frenzy, the hysteria, was a moment fit for a Bernhardt. The effort proved too great. Everywhere I encountered the blank wall of inhibition, of inferiority complex. She pleaded with me to let the scene be done in stony, frozen silence, ending with collapse.

I was adamant. The scene needed that banshee wail of absolute soul-terror. We went over the scene again and again, each repetition being worse. I scolded and stormed, returning again and again to the lines just before the climax.

Miss Starr was white as a ghost, trembling in every fiber. Little by little I drove her to desperation. She failed—and failed anew. Her lips were a straight, white line of misery and her eyes brimmed with tears. Nervously her fingers plucked at her skirt—the sure sign of breaking.

Often she had told me of her ambition to be another Bernhardt; how she always would dream and work for that end. This thought came to me as we strove. Again I forced her into that climax scene. Her attempted scream was but a plaintive little howl of misery.

She dabbed at her eyes with her handkerchief and in a magnificent effort to regain composure, clenched her hands into the tiny square of cambric. It parted, torn in two by the strength of her nervous energy. Uncomprehending, she stared at it with startled eyes. I knew my time had come.

"And this," I said, turning to the assembled company, "this is the girl who would be as great as Bernhardt—this one—this schoolgirl failure! It makes me laugh!"

And I *did* laugh, Othello-like!

THEN came the scream—a horrible, eerie, ghostlike wail of a lost soul in torment. Poor little Miss Starr had crumpled on the floor in a dead faint! I had accomplished a most distasteful but successful task, but I was glad when Miss Starr, supported by her sister, stole from the theater.

At rehearsal on the following day we worked gradually up to the climax scene, always stopping just short of it. Finally I snapped:

"Final rehearsal, Miss Starr—that scream!"

We smashed and drove through the lines. Everyone was on edge. A fierce light of resolve burned in Miss Starr's eyes as she walked to the place where the weapon was concealed and picked it up. Every vestige of color had drained from her face and I was fearful of a real collapse.

Slowly the weapon rose with her hand—the muzzle wavered, then was still before her eyes. The test had come and I do not believe anyone breathed for the space of a moment.

Wide-eyed, Miss Starr gazed as though hypnotized into the muzzle of the weapon—into the Black Death it contained.

Then there burst from her lips such a shriek as I never had hoped for. The weapon clattered on the floor where she had thrown it.

Weak and unnerved, Miss Starr staggered to my side, put her head on my shoulder and burst into a paroxysm of tears.

"Oh, I *can* do it; I *can* do it!" she rejoiced, again and again.

Then the company forgave me. I have not forgiven myself yet, even though that eerie scream established Miss Starr definitely with her public.

Brutal? Perhaps; yet it seemed the only method of breaking down the fear complex.

Mrs. Carter also was unusual. Titian-haired and unbeautiful, she wanted to act, wanted justification from a public that had blamed her for a domestic crisis that had ended in divorce.

She studied with me daily for two years, learning scores of heavy roles and mastering their delivery. A graceful figure in the drawing room, she was awkward, self-conscious on the stage. Her face was lined and hollow. Her oddly-colored hair did not respond to ordinary lighting treatment. Actually I was forced to develop the now famed "Du Barry Light" in order to make the woman attractive to her audiences!

But—like Miss Starr—she feared the heights.

Ridicule was the strongest weapon with Mrs. Carter. She had informed me calmly during an early interview that she was an accomplished horsewoman and that she desired to make her first entrance on the back of a charger.

This became a stock reproof between us later.

Wide World Studio Photo

Holbrook Blinn, who graciously offered to share his honors as star in Belasco's The Dove with another player.

Judith Anderson, whose name went into the electric lights because Mr. Blinn declared she deserved it.

Wide World Studio Photo

When she would fail miserably in a dramatic scene I would shout offstage to nobody at all:

"Get Mrs. Carter a horse; that is what she needs!"

Then she would fly into a passion of rage, reproach me—and, returning to the scene, would do it with spirit and intensity.

I believe Mrs. Carter came to look on me as an evil Djinn put on earth for the sole purpose of torturing her, even though in her quieter moments for years she was effusive in her gratitude to me for making her a star.

Blanche Bates, friendly and willing, brilliantly beautiful, could not be driven. She would lead like a sensitive colt if given opportunity to stop along the path and sniff the flowers and probe each new charm.

There was, however, a strong sentimental element in my association with her. In my youthful days I had known and loved her dashing father, the ill-fated Frank Mark Bates, and her mother, the capable and charming Frances Hinckley Bates.

Before Mrs. Bates's death I had promised to aid her daughter should fortune ever smile on me, a promise still fresh in my mind years later when I began casting about for a star for my new play, Under Two Flags.

I had kept in touch with the daughter and had followed her career in stock. She had appeared in The Great Ruby with Augustin Daly, but had quit when the producer had tried to drive rather than coax her. As a result, the word had gone about that she was too temperamental. This I resolved to change.

I sent for her, and we talked for hours about her parents and the early struggles in San Francisco. There sprang up between us a strong and beautiful friendship. When she was a tiny child I used to give her a quarter occasionally. As rehearsals progressed I used to fill my pockets with new quarters and as she conquered each obstacle I would walk gravely over to her and present her with a new twenty-five-cent piece!

SHE would laugh merrily, tie it—little-girl fashion—in a corner of her handkerchief, throw me a kiss, and then dash anew into the intricacies of her work.

Never was there a cross word between us through our long association. Ever there was understanding, a beautiful, reverent affection between us—until there came the day when she began to respond to the social lure. Eventually she became Mrs. George Creel and, like Mrs. Carter, passed from the stage.

Almost a parallel lies in the case of Beth Merrill, whose work as *Kay* in Ladies of the Evening was a fine bit of dramatic achievement. She is a contradiction, all fire and enthusiasm, covered over with an exterior of ice. That cold exterior, I learned quickly, was a pose covering a perfect volcano of feeling. Actually she was on the defensive like a whipped kitten, consciously and subconsciously. As *Kay*, the finely strung girl of the streets, she had but to expand that pose to be in character. But what was strength in those scenes would be weakness later. So we organized an expedition into the slums. I had talked with her for two hours, telling her the story of the girl who loved unwisely, who became the girl men forgot. We showed her instance after instance of such wrecks, drunken, drug-sodden. We pointed out their hopelessness; then pictured for her what *Kay's* fate would be but for *Jerry's* aid in redemption.

"Imagine yourself one of these girls," I told her. "Think of the daily awakenings in the dingy, hateful room; the despair, the constantly growing urge to end it all. Learn that hard laugh—which is tear-ice vocalized—and put all of it into the role of *Kay*."

By then the poor child was weeping and had emptied her purse into the hands of the poor,

little painted thing we had been talking to for the last few moments.

The rest was easy. Miss Merrill had *lived* her role for a moment. I do not believe I ever have seen a more realistic characterization than she gives.

Miss Judith Anderson, star with Holbrook Blinn in The Dove, is another of the type which would fail if subjected to "driving" tactics. She is earnest, courageous, and approached her work in a beautiful spirit of humility. There were some flat tones in her otherwise musical voice and here and there a mere trace of her native Australian accent. I trained her and had her trained daily until her tones became pure, limpid, and perfect.

TO overcome the clash between her childhood pronunciation and the Spanish dialect of The Dove, I kept her digging at the Spanish language until she was totally equipped for the transformation into an English-speaking Mexican vestal.

Never have I had to berate her for error. When she does fail her keen mind realizes it before I can speak. I have seen her weep pitifully over an error almost too slight to note.

Miss Anderson is not a beauty. I imagine as a girl she was awkward. Today she is the

White Studio Photo

Blanche Bates, a versatile star who played the lead in The Girl of the Golden West under Belasco direction with remarkable success.

personification of grace and her countenance becomes glorified as emotion works its will with her in her role.

Incidentally she is the heroine of a pretty little drama of the stage, for I believe she is the only actress in the world who was admitted to co-stardom on the earnest request of the person originally scheduled for solitary star honors!

Yet such was the case with Miss Anderson. During the long weeks of rehearsal she won our hearts with her sweetness and talent. When we opened in Baltimore she was a revelation to us all.

The play moved over to Washington. Several days later I received a letter from Holbrook Blinn—rightfully entitled to full stellar honors in the piece—which read:

DEAR GOVERNOR:

I wonder if our minds, as so often is the case, are not thinking the same thoughts at this moment?

Little Judith Anderson gains each day in power; her soul and mind are in The Dove—and its creator, yourself. I have had my thrill from stardom, and if it is your wish, it will please me greatly to see Miss Anderson's name in the "bright lights on Broadway" as a co-star in The Dove. She has earned it, I am sure we both will agree.—HOLBROOK.

I did not reply to the letter, waiting until the company was back in New York. Late one afternoon the electricians put up the electric sign, illuminated it, and just as dusk was falling I took Holbrook Blinn and Judith Ander-

Wide World Studio Photo

Beth Merrill, who has won high acclaim for her characterization of the fallen girl in Ladies of the Evening.

son out to the corner apparently in search of my car.

I was watching Miss Anderson from a corner of my eyes and saw her gaze raised to the sign. She gasped, choked with happiness, and threw her arms about my neck and literally deluged me with kisses—right in the midst of the late afternoon rush! I do not recall having been kissed on Broadway before.

Then she turned to Holbrook Blinn and, manfashion, thrust out her hand with the words:

"What a generous, wonderful chap you are! Nobody else on the American stage would do this for any chance associate."

And Blinn, always the beau-ideal, bowed low over her hand and replied:

"Welcome, little sister, to the ranks of Those Who Receive Adverse Press Notices."

But one remains, Miss Lenore Ulric. She brought to me a natural aptitude for the stage and a great ambition. She leads well ordinarily—but often has to be driven, though with kindliness—for, like the others, she has certain inhibitions.

The highly strung women of the star type must have a solitary, unwavering interest in their work. Let outside influences enter their lives and there comes change—as witness the defections of Mrs. Carter and Blanche Bates.

Mrs. Leslie Carter, for whose baffling lack of beauty Belasco developed the now famous Du Barry light.

Ambition, forceful and charming personality, and that other side of personality known as "stage presence" are the deciding factors in selection of future stars.

And it was these considerations which governed my choice of Miss Vivienne Osborne to succeed Miss Ulric in the role of the wife in The Harem. Miss Osborne has charm of face and figure, a singularly musical voice, and one of the most expressive countenances imaginable.

I NOTICED her first in The Law Breaker while I was watching William Courtenay's work one night. Charmed by her evident talent, I traced her through The Love Child, Scaramouche, New Toys, and Houses of Sand, none of which gave her true opportunity to display her talents. Now we find her back with William Courtenay in The Harem and I expect great things of her.

Beauty, the superficial polish of the finishing school, the feminine arts and graces—these do not weigh in the scales with inborn talent, natural grace, and the ambition which drives one ever onward.

The milliner's apprentice has the same chance for stardom that is possessed by the millionaire's daughter—perhaps more—for the little girl from the shop probably will have less to unlearn. Recall, if you please, that it took two years to make Mrs. Carter *forget* the very things the drawing room had taught her.

Those I have described are all hill-folk, born to the trail and sure-footed; each destined for that far-away Peak in the Clouds.

Mayhap I have lent a hand to these in the slippery places. If so, I am repaid—but still I cannot wholly forgive myself about Miss Starr.

THE END

Auburn 6-66 Sedan converted into a luxurious, roomy sleeping compartment by lowering back of front seat.

The WANDERER

We do not think that poetry, fresh air, and sunshine have any place either in the advertising or the list price of a commodity so practical as an automobile. But we are tempted to lapse for a moment from our usual matter-of-fact style and romance a little about the "New Auburn Wanderer."

Can you imagine what it would have meant to you some of the nights last summer when the hot blasts from the heated stone and concrete of the city streets sighed through your windows like the heat from an open furnace if you then at nine o'clock could have taken your "Auburn Wanderer" and friend wife, a couple of pillows and a coverlet and left behind the stuffy hemmed in city apartment, the heat of the city and sped quickly out into the open spaces?

There, along some cool byway, by some lake or stream, to raise the catches, drop the front seat backward, forming a berth as comfortable as the finest Pullman.

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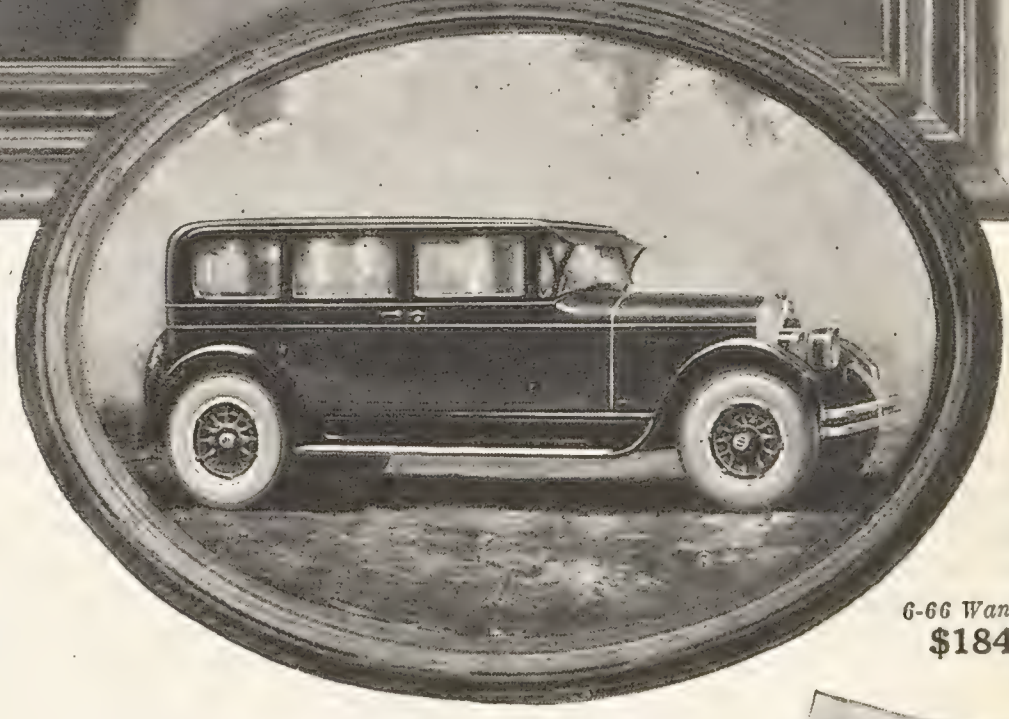

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6 SIXTY SIX **AUBURN** 8 EIGHTY EIGHT

When a Swelled Head Bursts

Here's Proof from a Competent Authority That Too Much Self-Confidence Is a Failure as a Money Maker

By WILL IRWIN

Picture by RAY ROHN

JIMMY CALLAHAN, manager of the White Sox and philosopher of baseball, stood watching the toy practice field at Waco with a shrewd, intent eye. The Regulars had taken on the Yanigans for the first practice game of the season; the recruits were flashing everything they had. The youngster at second base darted to the left like a swallow, speared a hard one, whirled like a dervish, threw like a bullet.

"Good boy!" I yelled.

"Huh!" said Cal. Being Irish, he put volumes of disagreement into that grunt.

I turned resentfully.

"Well, he looks good to me," I retorted. "What's the matter with him?"

"Will never be any better," said Cal. "He's got it up his nose. Has nothing more to learn about baseball—you know. Yesterday I was working him in the sliding pit. I made so bold as to show him how it ought to be done, and he said, 'Well, I used to get away with my slide in the A. A. League, just the same.' That first baseman, now——"

"But he's as clumsy as——"

"Sure. He's got a lot to learn. Hasn't the first idea yet of how to snap a short one. I made Kid Gleason give him a lesson yesterday. This morning, when I got to the park, I found him practicing the trick again and again with Shano Collins. He's infernally awkward at bat—you've noticed that. It's because I've thrown him off his stride for the present by giving him a couple of lessons in form. And he won't bat any way but my way until he gets it. I may have to send him back for a little more seasoning. But eventually he'll stick."

The second baseman pulled off another dazzling stop. Cal's eye, however, never lightened.

"Got the swelled head, that's all," repeated Cal. "And when they get the swelled head, don't bother to send for the doctor. Just measure them for the wooden overcoat."

That was some fifteen years ago. The young second baseman did go back to the minors, and I have never heard his name since. But the first baseman is still playing in the big leagues. His name is Jacques Fournier.

At the back stairs of that training trip we had another exemplar of Callahan's principle, though no one suspected it at the time. Among the scribes and war correspondents who followed the White Sox south was a youth but recently promoted to the honor of "signed stories." Immediately he had grown pompous, pontifical. His word on the fine points of baseball was law. He permitted no argument. Give him half a chance, and he would back you into a corner and read you his stuff.

There was also a tall, dark, sad youth who seldom talked at all, and never about himself. He had the air of listening to what you said, and learning. The name of the pompous lad disappeared that year from the column heads. But the quiet one was Ring Lardner.

AS Callahan often remarked, baseball's just life, and nothing else. For thirty years I have been both an actor and a thrilled spectator of the human game. As an American, I am interested in success. I have seen many a brilliant starter make a mediocre finish or fail to finish at all. And when I analyze these unexpected failures I find that about three-quarters of them can be laid to swelled head. It is the greatest of all blights on promising careers.

Of course, undue modesty has slain its thousands. But it attacks the early career, while swelled head strikes men down in their prime. And the percentage of recovery is high. The young man who starts out with an inferiority complex has generally a hard time getting a start; for the world, on first contact, tends to take you on your own valuation. The man who shows by his attitude that he believes in himself has a much better chance in the early stages of the race of getting the pole.

After ten or fifteen years, however, there is a very different story. By that time the stuffed-shirts and windbags have shown themselves up for what they are. But accident has usually given Mr. Modest Merit his opportunity. People have discovered that he has something in him and have told him so. At the first touch of success his diffidence begins to wear away. There are, of course, exceptional instances—chronics.

I REMEMBER, for example, the best all-around newspaper man of my acquaintance. He had everything except belief in himself. He might have become one of the great and famous American editors. Had he cared to lash out and follow another course, he might have been a first-class satirist. But he had an inferiority complex which even the praise of his associates never cured. Those who knew him best said that when he closed his desk at night he thought only of his derelictions and wondered if he would still have his job next morning.

Though he will be remembered in his profession as long as this generation lasts, he never got beyond that desk. But he is only one of the exceptions which, they say, prove the rule.

Swelled head waits until the victim has achieved some measure of success. And when it does strike it usually stops the works. Sometimes it delays its ravages until the late stages of a career, when the victim is so entrenched in wealth and position that he can merely go through the motions and still hang on. The most disastrous cases seize the patient when he has made his first success and is in a position to advance to glory.

My Exhibit A is a business man in a Middle-Western city whose career I have been watching for the last ten years. He left college dowered with brains, health, and personality. Two years later he resigned from a desk in a corporation to strike out for himself. He had conceived an entirely new kind of business.

Within two years he had made a very credit-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

LISTERINE Throat Tablets are now available. Please do not make the mistake of expecting them to correct bad breath. Rely on the *liquid,* Listerine. Containing all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, however, they are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations—25 cents.

So he nailed the chair to the floor

One of the most irritating offenders in the matter of halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the s a l e s m a n who suffers this way and, usually, d o e s n' t know it himself.

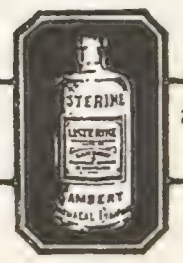
HIS sense of humor suggested it. But he really did it in self-defense to safeguard himself against that ever-present, eager type of salesman who pulls his chair up close, talks right into your face—and, too often, is an offender in the matter of halitosis (unpleasant breath).

You know the kind. Too often, poor fellows, they don't know it themselves. And their friends don't have the heart to tell them.

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). But fortunately there is a way to overcome it—the regular, systematic use of Listerine, the safe, liquid antiseptic and deodorant, used as a mouth wash and gargle.

Always have it handy in your home. Many men today also have a bottle at the office. This way they are always sure to be on the safe—and polite—side. They *know* their breath is right.

Your druggist sells Listerine only in the original brown package. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1¼ ounce.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For HALITOSIS  *use* LISTERINE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

able start. His business, though small, was paying its way. It seemed to promise a brilliant future. Others by this time had seen the chance and were imitating him. They had brains, too; they added refinements of their own to the product and to marketing methods. Did he follow? He did not. For by now he had the swelled head; they were taking his measure for the wooden overcoat.

He frequently remarked to his friends and associates that the name of John W. Smith on a product meant something. It was right, exactly right, because John W. Smith made it. When a competitor introduced an improvement, he only laughed and proved by figures and statistics that it couldn't possibly work.

He's dragging along yet; but every week he is a smaller toad in a bigger puddle. Still young, he has fallen hopelessly behind the times. Yet, only last year, in an assemblage containing men three times more important than he, I heard him monopolize conversation for half an hour with the tale of his success. He's finished.

Exhibit B, another business man, this time a resident of the Pacific Coast, has somewhat the same history. A year or so before he went into bankruptcy he took to drink. "The booze got him," people say as they review his brilliant start and early collapse. That, as I read the story, was not the main cause.

When his business began to decline, owing solely to the fact that no one could tell him anything, the truth about his unimportance in the scheme of the universe would occasionally penetrate his conceit. He simply could not bear it. Bootleg whisky took him into the Land of the Rosy Glow. When he was drunk he saw himself again as a great figure, beyond reach of ordinary human competition. The Freudians say that an inferiority complex is a common cause of drunkenness. But so, and for nearly the same reason, is a superiority complex.

MEN and women who follow the writing game stand in singular danger from this dread malady. Looking at us impartially, I must admit that we are an overpraised profession. Can you name the greatest analytical chemist in the United States? The greatest biologist? The greatest mining engineer? I'm sure I can't.

But almost any reader of these lines probably can call off an accurate list of the ten most famous American writers, can even mention people who scale far down among the second raters.

The young author "lands" his first contribution. Immediately his own face shines out on him from "blurbs"—advertisements spread his budding fame. An attack of swelled head, mild or virulent, follows almost immediately. In three cases out of four the disease runs its course and cures itself.

That next stage of authorship—the long, hard pull when you seem to be getting no farther—acts as a serum. The minority, attacked in a malignant form, never recover. They stand still, stop growing; and in human character cessation of growth means retrogression.

"What's happened to Jones?" asks Greenwich Village, discussing some young literary phenomenon of ten years ago. "You never see much of his stuff any more, and what he does get printed is awful!"

The answer is nearly always the same for every case. Jones failed to recover from the swelled head. Ten years ago they measured him for the wooden overcoat.

Let us consider now the symptoms of this disease.

One, Jimmy Callahan indicated. The victim can't be told anything. Humbleness, they say, is an essential attribute of greatness. Perhaps that statement will not stand close scrutiny. But as I review the characters of the eminent men I have known I find one common factor: they are always teachable.

Lord Northcliffe, the genius of journalism in this century—no member of his staff, however obscure, returned from a foreign assignment but "the Chief" asked him for information, and even advice. One of the great changes in the organization of his newspapers Northcliffe made at the suggestion of a clerk in the business office.

I first met Arthur Balfour in 1915. The business I had with him took ten minutes, but he kept me for an hour questioning me on the American attitude toward the war.

Herbert Hoover's most notable achievement, all things considered, was the Commission for Relief in Belgium. In the course of that work he made mistakes. But he saw them as mistakes, not as hard luck, and went to work like lightning to correct them. That willingness to acknowledge himself in the wrong is not the least of Hoover's talents. And when he is on the job he will hear and consider a suggestion from the meanest of his subordinates.

JUST after the war I visited Germany, and there stumbled into the heart of a certain situation loaded with danger for both the German Republic and the Allies. On leaving Germany I felt it my duty to inform our government; wherefore I went to see our chief diplomatic representative in the neutral country to which I had crossed.

He was but recently appointed, and his very manner of entering a room showed that the honor had gone to his head. I couldn't tell him a thing, for the information I brought contradicted one of his theories. After listening to his pomposities for an hour I gave it up.

Then I went back to Paris, where I met a colonel on Marshal Foch's staff. To him I told my story. "May I inform the Marshal?" he asked. "Certainly," I replied.

Two days later the colonel called me up on the telephone. "The Marshal wishes me to thank you," he said. "Your information has helped him to make up his mind in this matter."

The diplomat is remembered in Europe only for the mess he made of things during his six months' tenure of office; and yet at home, before his honors swelled his head, he figured as a very able citizen. Marshal Foch is still going strong.

I know of great corporations, great newspapers, even great political systems which have begun to decay simply because the incense and flattery surrounding the great has swelled the heads of their chief executives. These men are too well entrenched to be removed; it is a race between bankruptcy and their deaths.

I wonder sometimes if the collapse of the German governing class, the ghastly failure of their bid for empire, was not, in the last analysis, due to unteachability born of swelled head? The declaration of unlimited submarine warfare, which brought in the United States and finished Germany, seems in retrospect like the deed of a blind egotist.

"We have no spies in the German army!" said a general to me during the invasion of Belgium in 1914; whereas, we know now, the German army, like every other, was full of spies. I should have known by this remark that he and his class were taking their own measure for the wooden overcoat.

No one succeeds at anything from selling shoestrings to governing a kingdom or composing a sonata unless he possesses a sense of proportion. And that is another blight on the man with a case of ingrowing egotism. His view of the world is twisted. In the foreground stands the figure of his hero, John W. Smith. All other realities of life are just dim, trifling figures in the background. It is like a picture of a dog wherein the tail fills three-quarters of the canvas.

Further, I feel that the victim of malignant swelled head must waste a lot of time. When he should be worrying about that note coming due next month, that improvement of his competitor's product, he is grousing because Brown or Robinson hasn't shown the proper respect to the supernally important John W. Smith.

Finally, let me add that many people receive unmerited blame for having swelled head. As Heywood Broun said recently in this publication, there is no reason why, if you know you are good, you shouldn't say so. We have a conventionality to the contrary; those who break it are called conceited, whereas they may have merely a sense of proportion.

The John W. Smith who manifests this false swelled head knows that he is the best man in his city or country at his trade, business, or art. So does everyone else. But he knows also that he is a very small atom in a very large universe. He realizes that no one, be he Napoleon or Cæsar or Woodrow Wilson, was ever so good that he couldn't be beaten. Most importantly, when he is on the job he is thinking of the job, not of John W. Smith, his talents and perfections.

OF which we had an example on that same training trip to Waco. Big Ed Walsh was then the greatest pitcher in his league. He was the only man alive who could control the breaks of a spit ball. He held the record for winning consecutive games. Now, Walsh had a free, open, and generous nature. If he liked you, he opened up to you every door in his clean, flashing, straight-thinking mind. So, when you turned the conversation to Ed Walsh, he would tell you the thought of his heart on that subject, as on every other. Those who knew him best understood perfectly.

"As a matter of fact," said Comiskey, the Old Roman, "he wears his laurels as lightly as any man I've ever known."

For Ed Walsh understood his place in the scheme of things. He knew that no man can remain a star pitcher and trifle with his physique. Always he was the first man on the team to reach condition. Callahan never had to drive Walsh to his road work! He knew that Cal and Billy Sullivan, his own invaluable battery mate, had better understanding of batters and strategy than he.

You never saw him, in a pinch, shake his head at a signal and go his own way to defeat. On the contrary, he was peering into Billy's glove or glancing over his shoulder to catch Callahan's "office." His eyes were not only dark and intent with close concentration on the business at hand, but they expressed to me a kind of dread of defeat. Then the ball would whip over in the place where Ed intended to put it, would break in defiance of the laws of motion, and the umpire would say, "Strike—three!"

If he had ever let his justified good opinion of himself strike in, permitted himself to believe that the great Ed Walsh couldn't be beaten whether he tried or no, they would have measured him also for the wooden overcoat.

You see, Ed Walsh had a sense of proportion.

THE END

International Photo

What do you mean "Gloomy Dean"? Here's recent proof that the Very Rev. William Ralph Inge isn't living up to his dismal sobriquet.

Is the NOBILITY DECAYING?

"Certainly," Says London's "Gloomy Dean," Who Finds That the Grandsons of Laborers Make Just as Well-Behaved Peers as the Scions of Great Britain's Oldest Families.

BY THE VERY REVEREND
WILLIAM RALPH INGE
DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON

SPECTACULAR divorces among the titled heads of England have been so frequent as to startle a fairly shockproof world. Only the other day none other than the Duchess of Westminster was usurping headlines on account of the sensational divorce she was granted from the Duke—and the newspapers, of course, concealed none of the pungent details. This case is but one of many which have filled the daily journals since the World War, and which prompted Ramsay MacDonald, former Premier of Great Britain, to ask recently: "Is the nobility decaying?"

A trio of famous Englishmen is discussing this question in a series of articles in Liberty. W. L. George wrote the first, which appeared in a recent issue, and took up the cudgels on behalf of the English aristocracy. Dean Inge of St. Paul's Cathedral in London contributes herewith the second article of the series. The third will be by former Premier MacDonald himself.

Liberty believes that in these articles three of the most prominent minds in England voice their opinions on a subject that is more than interesting to the intelligent and well-informed American.

INTRODUCING "THE GLOOMY DEAN."

"SOMEBODY'S always taking the joy out of life," said the United States this spring when news came that Dean William Ralph Inge was on his way here for a visit. In England Dean Inge is famous for the thunder of his lamentations and his prophecies. Thus:

"Nothing fails like success; a ruling race or class always ends by ruling itself out."

"Aristocracies always decay; it is their nature to!"

"Democracy, as a form of society, is an ideal which a Christian must approve of; as a form of government, it is not an unqualified success."

"War selects the best for destruction."

"There is a deep fund of snobbishness as well as prurience in the public. They like to see any dirty linen washed in public, but especially when it is stamped with a coronet."

But Dean Inge surprised the United States by being almost cheerful. Perhaps American sunshine agreed with him better than London fog. Only one cloud darkened his visit from the moment he came up New York harbor and saw the "Statue of Liberty gazing wistfully in the direction of Bordeaux and Champagne" until the day he left. He found the American national drink a "dismal beverage."

I AM writing this on board a Cunard liner, after a very happy three weeks in a land which has determined to have no badges of social distinction.

America has achieved fraternity, but not equality; of liberty there is less, I think, than in England. Democracy, as a form of society, is an ideal which a Christian must approve of; as a form of government, it is not an unqualified success.

Aristocracies always decay; it is their nature to! Nothing fails like success; a ruling race or class always ends by ruling itself out. No nation has ever valued long pedigrees more than the ancient Romans. A new man was at a great disadvantage in politics; the sovereign people much preferred to elect as consul a candidate whose ancestors had been consuls for the last two hundred years.

We may be sure that no descendants of noble families forgot their origin. And yet by the Third Century, A. D., the old families were all gone. The Anicii, a third-rate clan whose name had appeared now and then in the lists of honors under the Republic, survived and were treated with enormous respect. The ancient nobility had been extinguished chiefly by vicious celibacy; partly, also, by wars and executions.

In England there are only a few families which have been in a high position continuously in the male line since the Norman Conquest. Many others, like the Percys, who are really Smithsons, changed their surnames when they married the heiresses of the old stock.

Sir Francis Galton argues that the hereditary peerage is an institution for extinguishing talent. A successful man receives a title. His eldest son, not having enough money to support his dignity, marries an heiress who, being the last survivor of a dwindling family, is usually barren. The younger sons often do not marry at all.

However this may be, the majority of the peerage are of very recent origin. The Wars of the Roses exterminated the Plantagenets and several other great names; in the reign of Elizabeth there was only one duke left. Queen Bess cut off his head, and then there was none. It was left for Charles II., of whom it might be said, as of Le Roi d'Yvetot, "*Ses sujets avaient cent raisons de le nommer leur pere,*" to recruit the ranks of the wearers of the strawberry leaves.

The House of Lords is at present a predominantly middle-class assembly. New peerages have been created by the hundred, and both parties have used them not only to reward political services but to fill the party chest for the next general election. Lloyd George surpassed all others in this kind of corruption; he choked the fountain of honor with mud till many respectable men have refused to accept these questionable distinctions. There is no caste of nobility in England; the younger sons of a peer are commoners. It follows that many

untitled families feel themselves far superior to the upstarts who have bought peerages for cash down.

The war has given the *coup de grace* to a system which was already decaying. The young men of the upper class were the first to volunteer and the first to fall. Though they were the spoiled children of fortune and had every reason to cling to life, they exposed themselves with reckless self-devotion—a sacrifice which was tragic because often unnecessary—and were mowed down till twenty per cent of all British officers were on the roll of honor. The privates paid just half this toll; one-tenth of the privates and one-fifth of the officers were killed. In this way scores of the old families were wiped out in the male line. The loss is irreparable; war selects the best for destruction.

What the great war began taxation is finishing. The governments of all the belligerent countries were in terror lest the patriotism of the working class might give way under the strain. After three years of fighting Russia was in a state of septic dissolution; in the same summer, after the defeat of Nivelle, a whole French division mutinied and prepared to march on Paris; a year later the German army crumbled, undermined by Bolshevism. In our army there was no mutiny; but the workers at home had to be bought off at the expense of the taxpayer, and after the armistice the situation was really menacing.

Accordingly, the whole cost of the war had to be thrown upon the shoulders of the smallest and most patriotic class. At present, one-tenth of the people pay five-sixths of the taxes. The old families are ruined; their mansions are sold, torn down, turned into institutions, or stand derelict. Even if their descendants continue to exist, they have lost their prestige, their pride, and their traditions. As an aristocracy their day is over.

"Is there any value in pedigrees?" a Roman satirist asked in the Second Century. We know how much they were thought of in England even as late as Anthony Trollope. I have had some opportunity of studying the question at Eton, and I have taken the opinion of some successful masters at that great school. Their opinion is that that son of the *nouveau riche*, even of the profiteer, is on an average as good a gentleman as the scion of an ancient stock.

MY prejudices are the other way, but my observation confirms the judgment of my Eton friends. I have in my mind two recently ennobled families whose grandfathers were day laborers. I cannot see that they are inferior in good looks or manners to the owners of the "sixteen quarterings" on their armorial bearings.

Some will disagree with me on this point. The Englishman of the upper class is three inches taller than the average height of the population, and he is often a very handsome fellow. But his beauty may be due to the predilection of his class for marrying actresses and barmaids, who are usually good looking; and his height may be partly due to a public school education, for in those seats of learning the conditions are very favorable for bodily development.

International Photo

The Dean and Mrs. Inge photographed on the Mauretania on their arrival in New York last April.

It is sometimes said that the son of a *nouveau riche* is more apt to go to the dogs than a youth of good family. The energy which enabled his father to make his fortune may only send the son to the bankruptcy court more quickly. There may be some truth in this; but one cannot judge from a few examples.

Much has happened in the last few years to give countenance to the opinion that the rich in England are morally corrupt. Socialists are naturally disposed to make the most of the social scandals, of which there have been too many. This charge requires a little examination.

George Meredith, one of the great prophets of the last generation, declaimed against the folly and injustice of laws which give "rivers of gold" to young men "in the days of their hungers impure." A youth in such a position, especially if his wealth is combined with a great social position, has a very poor chance of preserving innocence and decency unless he is ambitious.

It must also be admitted that what is invidiously called the bourgeois standard of ethics (it is really a part of the Christian standard) has never been held in much respect by the leisured class.

The number of divorces and other sexual scandals among the rich is certainly disproportionately large. Their standard in these matters compares very unfavorably with that of the middle class, who are still, on the whole, the backbone of the nation. But it would be very unfair to suppose that the majority of the rich are corrupt. The newspapers make the most of every case that arises. We are driven to conclude that though the populace may not practice these vices themselves, they take a peculiar pleasure in gloating over them vicariously.

There is a deep fund of snobbishness as well as prurience in the public. They like to see any dirty linen washed in public, but especially when it is stamped with a coronet.

The characteristic virtues of an aristocracy are neither purity nor a high standard in money matters, but courage, high spirit, patriotism, and freedom from prejudice. When their country is in danger, they may be relied on to do their bit, and more.

Those who have read with disgust certain books of reminiscences dealing with English society during the war are perhaps ignorant of the fine record of high-born English ladies in those years. As nurses, motor drivers, workers in canteens, and in many other ways, they did far better than the corresponding class in France, though it is true that dancing was stopped in Paris and not in London.

Personally I think that family pride *(noblesse oblige)* is too valuable an incentive to lose, though it needs to be purged from a great deal of nonsense and foolishness.

P. & A. Photo

St. Paul's Cathedral, London, where Dean Inge's pessimistic utterances are delivered.

Former Premier Ramsay MacDonald's article continuing this discussion will appear in next week's Liberty.

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Umpire "Silk" O'Loughlin: "There ain't no close ones. They're either safe or out."

"Hank" O'Day, whose decision in the Merkle-Evers play saved the honor of baseball.

Paul Thompson Photo

The umpires and leaders talking over the rules at a World Series game between the New York Giants and the Philadelphia Athletics. Left to right—Murphy of the Athletics; Umpires Klem and Egan; McGraw of the Giants; Umpire Connolly.

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© The Ring, Inc., N. Y.

The Inside Story of One of the Most Famous Careers in Baseball

TWENTY YEARS

A Big League Umpire

WHILE Billy Evans gives bits of his life story in the various installments of his reminiscences, each installment is practically a complete unit in itself, dealing with some one topic arising from his twenty years' experience in umpiring big league baseball games. In this installment he discusses his fellow-umpires and the many queer incidents which confront the arbiter in the course of hard-fought baseball battles.

By BILLY EVANS

Who Has Umpired More Than 3,000 Games in the American League.

CHAPTER VII.

COLORFUL UMPIRES I HAVE KNOWN

"YOU can't beat thim hours, me bye, three to five." That was a favorite expression of the late Tim Hurst, when an umpire, after an unusually tough day, would express his disgust with his job.

Perhaps no person connected with baseball plays a more important part in what may be termed the "artistic" success of a ball game than the umpire, yet he is merely regarded in the light of a necessary evil. Star players like Ruth, Cobb, Johnson, Frisch, and others pack them in at the gate, but it is doubtful if any umpire today is ever responsible for a single person passing through the turnstile, unless it be some friend of his with a complimentary ticket.

Much has been written about the competency and incompetency of the umpires. Probably the last has been more widely heralded. I have always believed if there came a time when every decision of the umpire were considered correct and the games always perfectly umpired, that

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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these new comforts in a Shaving Cream

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GENTLEMEN:

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Abundant lather. Palmolive Shaving Cream multiplies itself in lather 250 times.

Quick action. It softens the beard in one minute.

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A clean shave. The extra strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting, so they don't lie down.

No irritation. The palm and olive oil content leaves the face in fine condition.

Let this test prove that we have secured these wanted effects—as no one else has done. Do this in fairness to yourself and us. Clip coupon now.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you.

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Residents of Wisconsin should address The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

baseball would immediately lose one of its strongest selling points. For it is really surprising the pleasure a lot of people get out of believing that, had the umpire not repeatedly erred in his rulings, the home team would have been victorious. The umpire is a favorite alibi.

On this point the status of the umpire has been much improved in the last ten years. In the old days the alibi was much favored in explaining defeats through the press, and the umpire wasn't overlooked as a target. Today the baseball experts appreciate the position of the men calling the plays, and the writers are often more than tolerant.

Two veteran Chicago writers once paid the umpires a fine compliment. To settle an argument they kept "score" on the umpires for one month, counting each decision and each kick. They found that if all the kicks had been justified the umpires would have had an average of .960 in decisions. However, after the games the writers interviewed umpires and players, asking about each decision on which a kick was made, and deciding themselves whether the decision was right or wrong. In the end they scored the umpires a percentage of .984. In other words, the writers figured the umpires possibly mistaken in sixteen out of every thousand decisions.

MOST of the writers have learned to investigate before criticizing decisions, and an umpire must have a pretty tough afternoon to break into the headlines as one of the causes of the home team's defeat. Opinion is molded by the press, and the attitude of the sport writers is reflected in the action of the fans.

Umpires are human and make mistakes. In my long career I know of only one umpire who always insisted that he never made a mistake in his life. He was the late "Silk" O'Loughlin, one of the most colorful arbiters that ever graced the game.

O'Loughlin was one of the few umpires who had drawing powers at the gate. The fans liked to see him in action. His famous "Strike tuh!" will live forever. O'Loughlin had a remarkable voice and he was proud of it. All umpires have their sensitive points; "Silk" was fussy about his vocal chords.

Well do I recall the remark made by a certain star to "Silk" one afternoon when the latter was suffering a trifle from hoarseness. The star, who was a pitcher, was disagreeing with O'Loughlin most of the afternoon on his judgment of balls and strikes. "Silk" was peeved. After he called one that particularly displeased the pitcher,

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☐ Commercial Spanish
☐ Effective Speaking

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Present Position _____

Address _____

The Secret that changed everything

She was once to be pitied. Though beautiful, well bred and educated, she suffered—unknowingly—from the hideous thing that all women have to combat. However her friends knew. And her girl chum told her—the secret, two centuries old:

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(Please PRINT in Pencil) L-9

Umpire "Bill" Klem. "Don't dare call him catfish."

[CONT'D FROM PAGE 32]

that worthy said:

"If I were you, 'Silk,' I would see one of the best throat specialists in the city just as soon as this game is over."

"Why are you so interested in my throat trouble?"

"Because if you ever lose your voice, you are through as an umpire; it's your only asset," replied the pitcher.

"Silk" was furious, and in the next inning he seized an incident that really didn't merit ejection from the game, and sent the star to the showers.

Like all stories, it went the rounds of the league. Any time a player for any reason wanted to depart from the game, he made unkind remarks about "Silk's" voice being his only asset as an umpire. It always resulted in the player "getting the gate."

"Never made a mistake in me life, and it's too late to start now," was "Silk's" favorite reply when some player chose to protest a ruling. I often wondered whether "Silk" really believed he never missed one in his life. Sometimes I doubted it, but never was I able to get "Silk" to admit that he might have been wrong.

"Silk" was Irish. Never will I forget his favorite ejaculations to protesting players. As the Clancys, McCarthys, O'Neills, and Burkes would cluster around "Silk" and tell him how blind he was, he would listen for a time, and then, with a wave of his arm that meant trouble, would shout:

"Get out of here. Never missed one in me life. Too late to start now. The Pope for religion, O'Loughlin for baseball; both infallible."

THAT remark always drew the ire of the players, but they went on their way because they knew that was the ultimatum before chasing them to the showers. That was his favorite line for handling ball players of Irish extraction.

If after some decision "Silk" perceived that among the players protesting his ruling were men bearing the name of Schmidt, Mueller, Schneider, and others of German extraction, he would listen for a time in evident disgust, and then he would invariably say:

"If you fellows are not back in your positions when I reach the plate, all of you are through for the day. There isn't any use of being Dutch if you're not dumb."

The Schmidts, Muellers, and Schneiders didn't like that expression, but they knew it was "Silk's" ultimatum and that they had better be on their way.

In handing out his line of repartee, "Silk" didn't overlook a thing. If a player had a certain outstanding fault he never failed to remind him of it. When some athlete with a poor batting average would strenuously protest a strike he would usually squelch the young man thusly:

"So I kicked that one, eh? Well, you sure have your nerve kicking on anything I do. I happened to be looking at the batting averages this morning and you ain't hitting your weight. Get in there and hit; the pitcher is supposed to be fooling you, not me.

Baseball suffered a severe loss in the death of O'Loughlin. When this country got into the World War and baseball was temporarily suspended, O'Loughlin, close to fifty years of age, wanted to be of some service to his country. He obtained a berth in the Intelligence Department and was assigned to Boston. When the "flu" hit that section of the country he was one of its first victims.

I was paired up with O'Loughlin in the last game he worked in the majors. He and I umpired the final contest of the year in Washington when the two big leagues decided to curtail their schedule. I will always feel favored that I was fortunate enough to have served many years with so great a character as "Silk" O'Loughlin.

NO doubt a great many fans wonder how any person takes up a business in which he is regarded as a necessary evil. What Ed Walsh, star pitcher of other days, thought of umpiring, tells the story. After Walsh was through as a pitcher, desiring to continue in the game, he sought an appointment as umpire.

As a pitcher Walsh had been a whale of an asset to the American League. Walsh was a star when salaries were low. I think Ed once told me that six thousand five hundred dollars a year was his top figure. Just ordinary pitchers get that much today. Walsh, with his ability, would be able to command a twenty-five-thousand-dollar salary if he were a present day star.

President Ban Johnson, feeling that a player who had given the best years of his life to furthering the interests of the American League was deserving of a chance to make good as an umpire, gave Ed a job. While Walsh got along well for one who had no experience as an umpire, he didn't care for that end of the game, and the following year went back to the White Sox as coach. One day, while discussing his career as an umpire, Walsh, in one short sentence, explained his aversion for the business.

"It's all jeers and no cheers," was his way of putting it. For years Walsh had been the idol of the Chicago fans. When he turned umpire his reception was, at best, a silent one as he walked on the field; a little later it would turn to jeers instead of cheers. Ed didn't like that at all.

Close students of baseball, fans and baseball experts, have often asked me if umpires have any set methods to which they consistently adhere. I might say few umpires have many things in common. Of course, all must follow the same set of rules, but in the handling of the same situation the umpires would differ widely.

Any umpire, to succeed, must be backed to the limit; his authority must be supreme. However, I believe it is possible to overplay the power which is granted to the umpire. It should be used with the greatest of discretion.

Umpire "Bob" Emslie. The players call him blind, but he is a champion trap shot.

In my umpiring I have always worked on the theory that the fans come out to see the players perform; not to see me umpire. If you go out to see the New York Giants play and in the very first inning the umpire puts, say, Frisch out of the game, he removes the outstanding player of that club. His removal immediately takes most of the joy out of life for the supporters of Frisch and incidentally weakens the line-up of the Giants. If Babe Ruth is chased from the Yankee line-up and Ty Cobb is removed from the Detroit list because of the umpire's edict, the big thrill is taken out of the game for many of the fans.

"See the things you should see and hear only the things you should hear" was a bit of advice the late Jack Sheridan gave me early in my career. He believed that an umpire should put a player out of the game only as a last resort. If it was possible for the umpire to overlook certain happenings without affecting the discipline of the game, Sheridan was for doing it.

Some years ago there was a star player who did not relish batting against Russell Ford, who was then a past master in using what is now an illegal delivery, known as the emery ball. Ford roughened the ball by means of a piece of emery paper concealed in the palm of his glove. With a rough ball he could make it do all kinds of dizzy dips.

© The Ring, Inc., N. Y.

Umpire "Jack" Sheridan, the most beloved of all arbiters.

IN the very first inning of the game I called the star player out on three pitched balls, all of them perfect and at none of which he offered. I knew the player didn't like to bat against Ford. I also realized that thousands of fans were out to see this player and his battle of wits with Ford, then the pitching sensation of the American League.

As I called the third strike I proceeded to brush off the plate, although it was devoid of dust. I realized I was going to have an argument and I wanted a reason for the delay that I knew was certain to follow. At such times nothing offers a better excuse than the home plate. I certainly dusted that platter clean, and managed somehow to keep flecking fresh dirt back on it, so there would still be a reason for my continuing the job. In the meantime conversation was passing between us.

"Three terrible strikes."

"I didn't think so."

"Not one of them within six inches of the plate."

"All three cut the heart. If there were ever three perfect strikes I just called them on you."

"Umpiring like that is what drives people from the ball park."

"Unless you start on your way to the bench mighty quick it is certainly going to drive you out of it."

"I'm going to stick around here just as long as I please. I'm entitled to tell you what I think of you after that terrible exhibition."

"Well, I don't intend to listen to much more of your conversation. If you're still around here when I finish dusting off this plate you are certainly going to get a ticket to the clubhouse."

"I'll be here."

I realized full well that the player wanted to be put out of the ball game. It was a Saturday afternoon and the crowd numbered about twenty thousand, a mighty big gathering in those days. I didn't want to chase the star if I could possibly avoid it. Never did I dust the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

home plate quite so thoroughly, all the time watching the player's feet and hoping they would finally move in the direction of the bench. After wearing off most of the whisk broom and getting the plate scrupulously clean, I found my friend was still with me.

"You're through," I quietly remarked.

I had resorted to every possible means to keep him in the game; but to maintain discipline it was necessary that I put him out.

Now for the part that proves what I have previously said relative to the drawing powers of the outstanding celebrities. After the game a fan who apparently had waited for me while I was changing to street clothes, accosted me.

"Are you Mr. Evans, the umpire?" I admitted that I was that person. Then the fan went on to tell me how he lived two hundred miles away, had been reading about the star for years, and was seeing him in action for the first time that afternoon. Then I spoiled everything by putting him out of the ball game.

IT was just such a situation as I had often lived over as I debated whether or not to chase a certain player. The fan was so sincere in his story that I took the time to go over the entire situation, told him how the player in question didn't like to bat against Ford and also in detail gave him the conversation that had passed at the home plate. His indignation at my actions ceased. He admitted that I had been far more patient than would he, had he been the umpire.

"You certainly have a tough job. From now on I am never going to disagree with the umpire." I thanked him, and as he handed me his card I remarked that it was easy compared to being an undertaker. Imagine my discomfiture when I read, "John Smith, Undertaker."

There is much misunderstanding about what ball players say to umpires on the field. A player rushes up to an umpire, waves arms, shakes head, and talks earnestly. The crowd gets the impression he is calling the umpire all sorts of names and yells approval.

"Tell him something, Eddie. Tell him what he is!" they yell. As a matter of fact, players seldom use an oath, and unless they lose their heads use no abusive language. The players, however, still manage to convince spectators through their actions that they are cussing out the ump, and the umpires dislike that more than they do the actual verbal abuse.

"Bull" Guthrie had a saying which was:

"You can do that in the gray

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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"I had just about given up hope of ever being slender again, Margery. You know I can't stand exercises or diets. And I love rich foods! But when I read about Marmola Tablets, I . . ."

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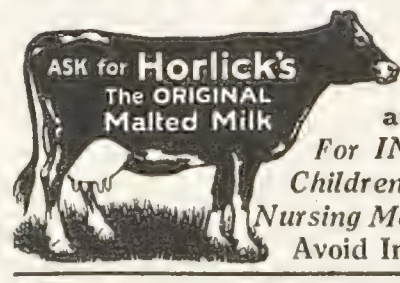

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FASHIONS

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS
appear regularly in

5c Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

uniform, but don't pull it in the white."

He meant that the umpire will stand more from a visiting player than from a home player, because the visitor is helpless to "get the crowd on" an umpire.

In the old days the umpires often permitted the player to remain in the game after using verbal epithets that would just about cost the umpire of today his job unless he met them with drastic measures.

"When a player gets rough treat him much rougher," was a version much employed in handling situations.

The late Tim Hurst was a past master at this style of umpiring. Tim was never at a loss for words and there was a tabasco flavor to everything he said. It was Tim Hurst who, years ago, when President Johnson, peeved at the way the American League games were being delayed, wrote his umpires for suggestions as to how they might be shortened, replied:

"Dear Ban—If you are really in earnest about shortening the games, why not try seven innings?"

AS far as I know Tim Hurst was the only umpire who ever addressed Mr. Johnson as Ban. Likewise, such a reply as sent by Hurst would have been funny to the American League head from no umpire other than Hurst. In a game at New York one day, Hurst was umpiring the plate, I was working the bases, Jack Chesbro was pitching for New York, Jack Kleinow catching. Jim Delehanty, then with Washington, was the batter. With the count two balls and two strikes, Chesbro threw a spitter that Hurst ruled a ball. Both Chesbro and Kleinow disputed the decision. Hurst, more to end the argument than for any other reason, said to Kleinow:

"We will leave it up to Delehanty. Where was that last one, Jim?"

"Right through the heart of the plate. Calling that one a ball definitely established the fact that you are blind." Hurst was in a rage. I could see that from my position at first base.

"Hit the next one, for you're out, no matter how high, low, or wide it may be," he fairly bellowed. Catcher Jack Kleinow knew that Tim Hurst was a man of his word. Despite the fact that the count was three balls and two strikes, he signaled to Chesbro for a waste ball. Not quite comprehending Kleinow's intentions, Chesbro shook him off, but he came back with the same sign.

Chesbro threw a ball a foot wide of the plate and as Delehanty started to jog down to first base, sure he had received a base on balls, Hurst was heard to shout, "Strike three!" And that's what it was, despite the protests of the entire Washington club.

Hurst, a New Yorker by adoption and desire, was one of those who figured you were just existing when not in the big city. The idea of staying overnight in Philadelphia, only ninety miles from New York, was the height of folly to Hurst. So when umpiring in Philadelphia he always made it a point to get an early train out of North Philadelphia for New York. The 5:17 was his favorite.

In those days Sunday ball was not played in Philadelphia. One Saturday afternoon St. Louis was playing in Philadelphia. With no game on Sunday, getting the 5:17 on Saturday meant that Hurst would not have to return to Philadelphia until Monday at noon. When the Athletics went to bat in the ninth inning St. Louis was beaten about 13 to 2. Jack Powell was pitching for St. Louis. He and Tim had several tiffs during the afternoon.

Powell noted that Tim looked at his watch as the inning started. That gave Powell an idea. It didn't matter to him whether the score was 26 to 2 or 13 to 2, so he intentionally became wild, but did it in a clever manner. He worked the count to three balls and two strikes on the first three men to face him before finally walking them. With the bases filled, Hurst again glanced at his watch.

"Don't worry about that 5:17, Tim; you're not going to make it today, I'm too wild," shouted Powell.

Hurst realized that Powell was purposely passing the batters in order to make him lose his train. The next three batters were Topsy Hartsel, "Rube" Oldring, and Danny Murphy. Hurst called them out on nine pitched balls, although not one of them was within a foot of the plate. Topsy Hartsel roared, but Oldring and Murphy, wise to what Hurst was doing, gleefully watched Tim call them out on strikes. Hurst made the 5:17.

Pantomime is the worst method a player could possibly resort to in dealing with an umpire. Most judges of play don't mind a verbal debate about a decision if the player doesn't let the world know that he is taking the umpire to task. However, if a player seeks to disagree with the umpire by a series of gestures which lets the world know that he thinks the umpire terrible, that player is certain to draw the gate.

SELDOM does a player throw bat or glove into the air and get away with it. Tommy Connolly, dean of the American League umpires, once handled such a situation in so clever a manner that he made the player look far more foolish than had he chased him from the game. Unless my memory is at fault, Bill Bradley of the Cleveland club was the player.

It was near the close of the season, and Cleveland was out of the race. Connolly called Bradley out on a third strike that Bill didn't like. He tossed his bat high in the air. Quick to grasp the situation, Connolly, noticing a stray bat near at hand, picked it up and tossed it twice as high.

"Beat that toss if you can," was Connolly's only comment to a performance that invariably calls for ejection from the game. The crowd, sensing the unusual way that Connolly had handled the situation, enjoyed a big laugh.

Umpires may be a necessary evil, but no one connected with the game is more deserving of credit than the men who pioneered as umpires. Baseball owes much to such veterans as Bob Emslie, Hank O'Day, Tommy Connolly and the late Jack Sheridan, "Silk" O'Loughlin, and Tim Hurst.

The job still has its unpleasant features, although it is much improved over what it was twenty years ago when I made my debut. And what Tim Hurst said still holds good:

"You can't beat thim hours, me bye, three to five."

In the eighth installment, to appear in next week's issue, Mr. Evans will round up two super all-star clubs of baseball's most wonderful players.

THE TEST *of* VISION

DESPITE the tradition among ball players and fans that all umpires are blind, the fact remains that they are extraordinarily keen of vision.

Hank O'Day and Bob Emslie, at an age when most men are wearing heavy glasses and seeing dimly, possess extraordinary power of sight. Both wear glasses when reading, but see things clearly at a distance.

Emslie stopped John McGraw in one argument. McGraw, stirred by a decision, told Emslie he was blind. The veteran umpire merely removed his mask and said:

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Mac. You and I will come out here tomorrow morning and put an apple on second base, stand at the plate and shoot at it, and I'll lay you $500 to $250 I hit it twice as often as you can."

McGraw dodged the challenge, knowing that Emslie is one of the best shots in the country. —HUGH FULLERTON.

Seena Owen, well known screen favorite, appearing in Fox Films

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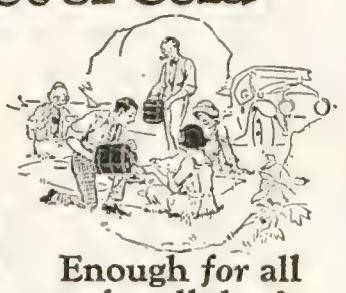

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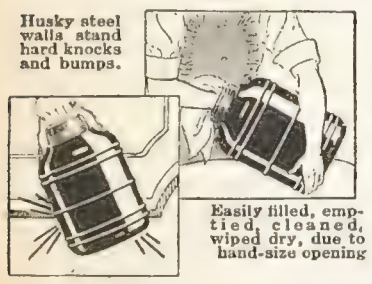

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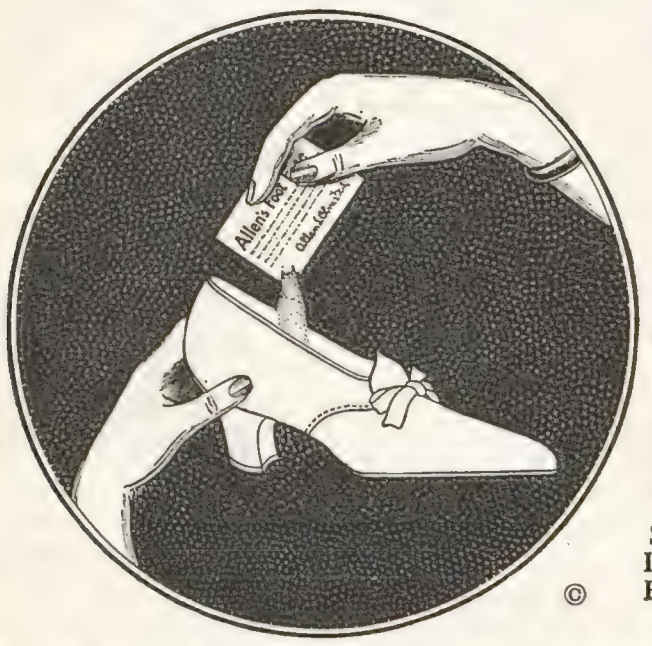

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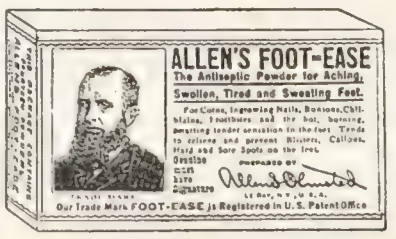
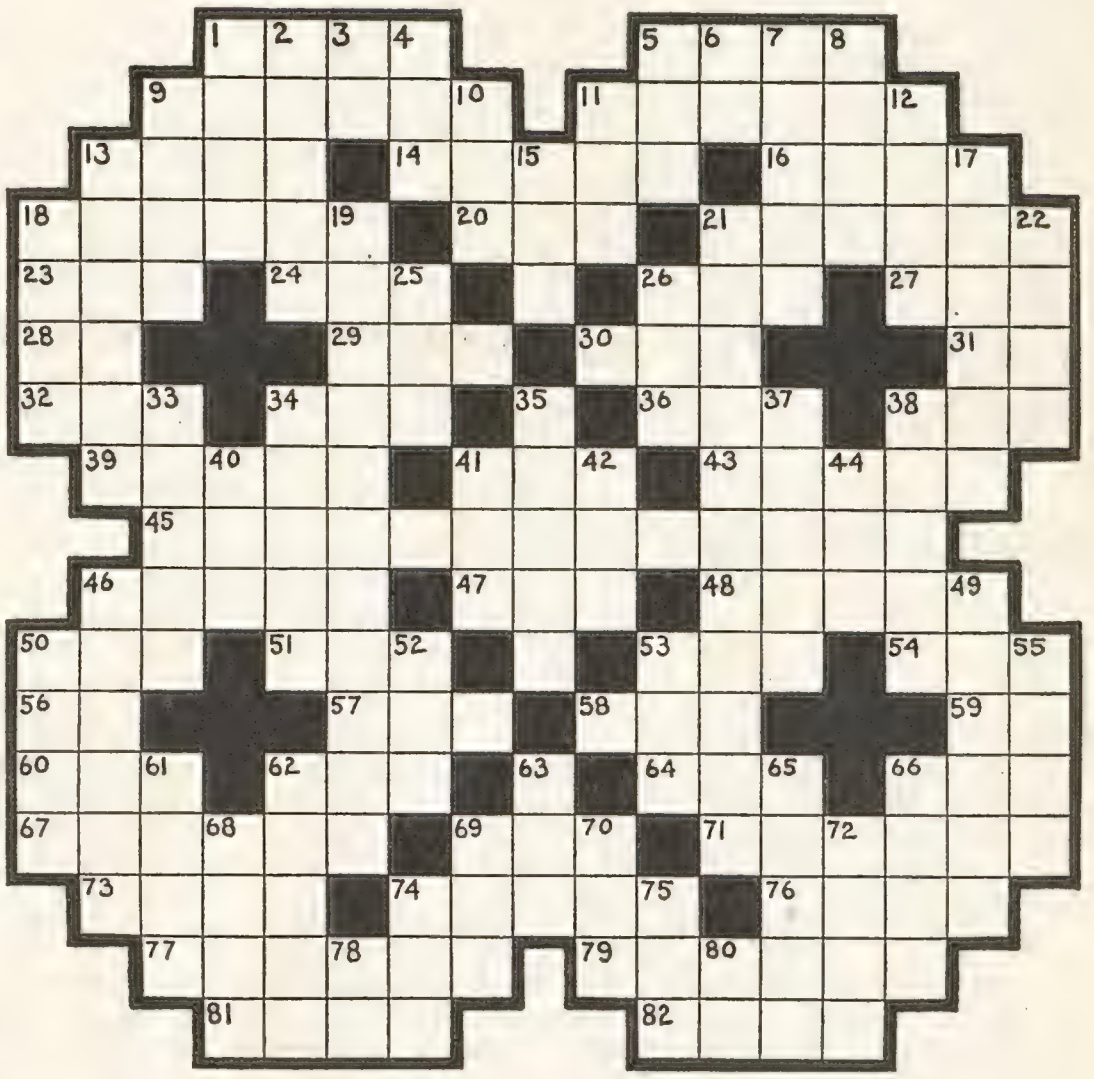


Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 31

HERE we are again! Liberty's cross-word puzzle, all rested up after its vacation, is ready to lead your wits a merry chase once more. Don't let the long words in this puzzle scare you away. If you know what "persons having the insane propensity to steal" are called the rest of the puzzle will fall in line with amazing alacrity. Be on the lookout for the complete solution to this puzzle in next week's Liberty, where there will also be another black and white brain tickler.



HORIZONTAL

1 Drinks with the tongue
5 A wave or current, as of wind
9 An immense number
11 Those engaged in getting ore out of the earth
13 Solid
14 An entire range or series
16 Rots or injures by exposure
18 A thin layer of a more valuable material for overlaying an inferior one
20 Wicked
21 A person of French or Spanish descent born in a colonial region
23 A Siamese pewter coin
24 A river in Wales
26 A fold
27 A seed envelope
28 That thing
29 A head covering
30 A large body of water
31 A Southern State (abbr.)
32 A cluster of fibers occurring in wool staple
34 A small bed
36 A small venomous snake
38 To butt against violently
39 A region under dominion of a king
41 A baseball implement
43 Murdered
45 Persons having the insane propensity to steal
46 A sifter
47 Suitable
48 Quotes
50 A man's name shortened
51 Finish
53 A cover
54 To annoy by petty fault-finding
56 By
57 A masculine descendant
58 Belonging to him
59 To perform
60 A pig pen
62 A number
64 Belonging to it
66 To total
67 Sowed
69 An animal's foot
71 Loses, or suffers to be scattered
73 To shower
74 An evil spirit
76 A city in Italy
77 Rough or harsh
79 Certain kinds of material
81 Thin
82 Cooking vessels

VERTICAL

1 A musical instrument
2 Fortified for defense or attack
3 Jumbled type
4 To droop
5 Humor
6 One
7 A place where persons or things are carried across a strip of water
8 A woody perennial
9 A place where money is coined
10 To strike with a quick motion
11 Wet dirt
12 To cease
13 A shackle
15 Crazy
17 Any rallying or battle cry
18 Fruitless
19 Remunerated
21 Advocates of the classical styles, rules, or models
22 A kind of cheese
25 To consume
26 A vegetable
33 A city in China
34 A steep hillside (English dialect)
35 Means of illumination
37 A checkered cloth or pattern
38 Ascended
40 A beverage
41 A long, round fur or feather scarf for the neck
42 To make a certain kind of lace edging
44 Part of a play
46 One of a breed of hunting dogs
49 A part of harness
50 A kind of fish
52 To put on
53 Fifty-two (Roman numerals)
55 Deities
61 A period of time
62 Strained to stiffness
63 A domestic animal
65 A small pole or spar which crosses the fore-and-aft sail (nautical)
66 Gift of charity
68 The face of a timepiece
69 A cushion
70 Existed
72 Electrified particles
74 A Japanese coin
75 A short sleep
78 A parent
80 A preposition

THIS dress is softly beaded on a white crepe foundation, in delicately shaded pastel colorings, which are featured by all the French houses. The garland of flowers is in chiffon and silk, and repeats the pastel colorings.

Parisian Designers *Lend Aid to the* Short Skirt

By Mary Brush Williams

AS MADEMOISELLE enters the shops of the smartest Parisian couturiers intent on acquiring her full wardrobe and casts her eyes on the first harbingers of autumn she will give a perceptible start. For something is definitely missing. Where is the front fullness of yesteryear? Has it disappeared entirely, and are we to have another year of straight silhouettes and tube dresses? No, fullness has not departed, but has merely crept around to the back, where it faintly suggests the old-time bustle. The reason given for any fullness at all is that the skirts are so very short that Mademoiselle is embarrassed to have them both high and scant. So she hies herself back to her modest progenitor of the '80s for inspiration.

Paris prefers the back fullness, yet front flares and fullnesses are not entirely taboo; but r e m e m b e r, you mustn't have fullness in the front of your skirt if you are going to have it in the rear.

Not even a French dressmaker could render the resultant silhouette *chic*. If you insist upon retaining the fullness in the front of your skirt, you *must* keep it flat across the back. Just read the latest advice from Paris on the subject:

"A few of the larger houses are showing a number of advance models for autumn and winter. These showings are strictly private and not more than thirty or forty models constitute the collection.

"Martial et Armand is one of these houses, and features the straight silhouette, broken low at the back of the skirt by pleats or a slight circular movement. This idea is quite the reverse of last season's straight silhouette with its pleats and godets at the front and a perfectly flat back."

The illustration of this charming evening gown was drawn by the artist from the original model to show one version of this much-discussed back fullness, which, as she puts it, "is agitating the fashion arbiters just now."

THE dress at the left shows the use of the bolero effect, which does not hang loosely at the back, but disappears into the underarm seam. The back is straight and untrimmed. The other is of military blue, trimmed with a dark fur. Note the return of the bell-shaped sleeves.

TAN colored coat in an interpretation of what the "mannish" phase of the autumn styles will be. The rage for masculinity would appear to be on the wane.

The tailored coat, pictured on this page, shows the turn which autumn styles will seek to give to this recent mannish phase of fashion. It is rather less masculine than coats of this type usually are, the twist of femininity having been accomplished with one sweep of the designer's scissors, which cut the skirt into a flare. A notable feature is the boutonniere of nosegay size. At last accounts the ornamentation in the buttonhole was getting larger and larger, like an old-fashioned vari-colored flower garden.

The dressy coat also has the flare, and in its trimmings shows the extraordinary vogue still raging for cubist patterns in embroidery. These patterns are without head or tail and the French call them "jazz patterns."

Hats are practically unchanged except that the square crown is definitely finished after an unpopular career. Hats should harmonize with the costume and not contrast with it.

In closing, a word about the waistline must not be omitted. Waists cannot creep up very high unless the appropriate corset for them is worn, and for this the trade reports a pitifully small number of applicants!

Canning Vegetables

By ETHEL M. SOMERS

Timing the blanching process exactly and having the cold-dip pan handy speed up the work.

Vegetables graded for size and packed in layers make the best appearance.

Ethel M. Somers, Ph.B., is a graduate of the Department of Home Economics, University of Chicago. She comes to Liberty after six years of teaching experience in both children's and adults' home economics classes. We hope her experience with foods will become yours and that you will bring your problems to her for solution, by writing her in care of Liberty, inclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Pressure cooker canning saves time and eliminates spoilage. Twenty-five cent lifting tongs are worth buying, both for their convenience and because they prevent burns.

Gather up the edges of the cloth and you have a quickly made bag for lifting the vegetables in blanching.

THE winter's fresh vegetable supply is scarce and expensive. Canned vegetables to supplement the fresh, therefore, offer the practical solution. Whether these will be home canned or commercially canned depends entirely upon circumstances.

Fine products canned while freshly picked either from your own garden or an available truck farm give the best results. Where possible these fresh vegetables should be picked in the morning before the hot sun strikes them and canned at once. Corn and peas, particularly, should be canned within an hour after picking; otherwise they lose in flavor and sweetness.

There are three methods for canning. Any of these are successful for canning tomatoes, due to their acidity. Nonacid vegetables, on the other hand, can be canned safely *only* by the steam pressure method, unless one is positive they are damp and fresh, not dried by the morning's sun, or by waiting in the market. Botulinus bacteria are often present on the fresh, damp vegetable in an active state; but as the sun's drying rays strike the vegetable they assume an inactive or spore state. In this form they are hard to destroy except by steam pressure. These spores, if not destroyed, will at room temperature resume their active form and may be the cause of food poisoning if the vegetable is eaten without a few minutes of boiling.

Steam pressure canning requires the use of a pressure cooker, which is virtually a miniature canning factory.

Tomatoes may be packed and processed in a 250° oven for one hour for quart jars, or forty minutes for pints. Remove, seal immediately, and invert. Hot-pack tomatoes will also be found successful. Boil the seasoned tomatoes five to ten minutes and pack into jars that have been removed with a sterile fork after fifteen minutes sterilizing in boiling water. Put a scalded rubber in place, fill to overflowing with tomato, and seal tightly. Invert and cool.

General Steps in Pressure Canning

SELECT fresh, firm vegetables. Grade and sort, then wash thoroughly.

Blanch or scald by placing the product in a cheesecloth square or bag and plunging this into boiling water or live steam for from one to ten minutes (see specifications in table below).

Cold dip as soon as the vegetables are removed from the blanching. To do this plunge quickly in and out of cold water (iced water is best) and drain.

Pack immediately into clean, hot jars or sanitary cans that have been thoroughly cleansed by washing, rinsing, and boiling five to ten minutes in a vat of hot water. Add one-half teaspoon of salt per pint of vegetable, also one-half teaspoon of sugar if desired, and pour in enough boiling water to fill the jar within one-half inch of the top.

Paddle the jar with a spatula or split bamboo paddle to remove all air bubbles.

Put a scalded rubber in position and loosely seal the jar. Leave the clamp up on glass top jars or loosen the screw tops one-quarter of a turn.

Process for the given period of time (see table) by setting on a wire rack in the bottom of the cooker or in wire baskets; add two to three cups of hot water; close the cooker, leaving the petcock open until steam appears, then close it; let the pressure run up to the desired point. Count the processing from this time on, according to the time-table. Keep the pressure as nearly constant as possible. At the end of the processing period, allow the cooker to cool until the gauge registers zero, open the petcock gradually and note that no steam escapes, then open the cooker and remove the jars with tongs.

Seal tightly at once and invert them to cool on a folded towel. Wipe the jars and let them stand until cool. Watch for oozing liquid which would indicate imperfect sealing (if a leak is found repack and resterilize the contents). Never try to seal a jar tighter after it is cooled, as this breaks the seal.

Store the cooled, tested jars, wrapped or covered with brown or dark paper to prevent fading, in a cool, dry place.

Let stand open one hour before serving and boil a few minutes as the vegetable is being heated. If it is to be used for salad heat and cool before using, as this process freshens the flavor.

Time Required for Steam Pressure Cooking

KIND OF VEGETABLE—	Time Needed for Scalding or Blanching	Time Needed for Processing According to Pressure Used		
		5 Pounds	10 Pounds	20 Pounds
Asparagus	2 to 4 min.	60 min.	40 min.	25 min.
String or wax beans	5 to 10 min.	60 min.	40 min.	30 min.
Beets	5 to 10 min.	60 min.	40 min.	30 min.
Brussels sprouts	5 to 10 min.	60 min.	40 min.	30 min.
Corn (on cob or cut off)	5 min.	90 min.	60 min.	40 min.
Greens (all kinds)	15 min. (in live steam)	60 min.	40 min.	35 min.
Okra	5 to 10 min.	60 min.	40 min.	30 min.
Peas	5 to 10 min.	60 min.	40 min.	35 min.
Peppers	5 to 10 min.	60 min.	40 min.	35 min.
Potatoes (sweet)	5 min.	60 min.	40 min.	30 min.
Pumpkin	5 min.	40 min.	35 min.	20 min.
Tomatoes	1 to 3 min.	15 min.	10 min.	5 min.
Vegetable combinations	5 to 10 min.	60 min.	45 min.	35 min.

Madame Judas

An Exciting Serial of Woman Against Woman in the Tangled Web of a Murder Mystery

By
MARGARET TURNBULL

Pictures by
WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

Juliet touched Eve's arm, and she saw, as she followed the direction of Juliet's hand, a light, as though made by a pocket electric flash, appear in the window. It flashed two, three times, and then—darkness.

WHO'S WHO IN THE NINTH INSTALLMENT

ANDREW DICKERSON, *attorney, is defending*

DR. GILBERT ELIOT, *young physician of Willett's Bridge, Pennsylvania, who is being tried on the charge of having killed his employer,*

DR. CHARLES FAIRLIE, *with arsenic. Doctor Eliot's supposed motive was love for*

LAURA FAIRLIE, *Doctor Fairlie's charming bride from Connecticut. Laura's efforts to have Doctor Eliot punished are opposed by*

EVE HAMILTON, *a wealthy, charming orphan. Eve, believing in Doctor Eliot's innocence, asks*

JULIET JACKSON, *a keen-witted reporter, to investigate Laura's past, hoping to discredit the testimony which*

TOM JERNAY, *district attorney, obtains from Laura. Laura implies that Doctor Eliot prepared all medicines given Doctor Fairlie for a supposed attack of ptomaine poisoning and that Doctor Fairlie loved Eve. Jernay next calls*

HILDA SWENSON, *a servant in the Fairlie home. Hilda surprises everyone by testifying that*

LUIS RAMON, *a Spanish chauffeur whom Doctor Fairlie had hired shortly before his death, and who cannot now be found, had offered Doctor Fairlie "white medicine" in brandy. That evening Eliot's friends, including*

BILL DAVIS, *an architect, meet at Eve's for dinner. They discuss Laura's request that Eve remove a picture left her by Doctor Fairlie, and a mysterious ringing on the telephone—a party line for Eve and the Fairlies. The party ends when*

SAM SANDS, *Doctor Fairlie's former chauffeur, is brought in, his skull fractured by a blow. Next morning Dickerson, using Juliet's discoveries in cross-examination, forces Laura to corroborate Hilda's story, to admit that she had been married to a counterfeiter in Connecticut, and that she knew Luis Ramon there under his real name of Ramon Luis Silvestra. That evening Juliet and Bill Davis, pretending to be lost on a drunken joy ride, turn into the Fairlie grounds and see someone in the supposedly vacant garage. Meanwhile Eve tells Dickerson that the night Doctor Fairlie was taken ill, while on her way to stay there and help, she had been kissed in the dark by an unknown man. She adds that later that night, upon entering the darkened hall clad in Laura's wrapper, she had been kissed again. She had returned the kiss, to avoid revealing her identity, and returned to her room. Upon re-entering the hall, she had been astounded to see Doctor Eliot there. Next day she tells these experiences on the stand, but without mentioning Doctor Eliot. Tom Jernay, however, after a lengthy cross-examination, asks the question which will compel her to expose this sinister bit of evidence.*

DISTRICT ATTORNEY JERNAY had been questioning Eve Hamilton relentlessly, for what, to her, seemed hours—hours of almost unendurable tension. At his wits' end, he flung a question at her.

"When you opened the door again, after leaving this mysterious visitor who had kissed you, yet whom you had not seen, did you see anyone in the hall?"

Eve's heart pounded as she realized that all her careful testimony would count as nothing beside the damning truth of her answer. Yet she must speak the truth. The archaic form of her oath seemed to float through her mind: "The whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me God."

Slowly she replied, her eyes on her questioner: "When I finally opened the door there

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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was no one in the hall—but Doctor Gilbert Eliot."

There was a long pause—even the judge leaned forward, tense—and then, with a look of triumph toward his opponent, Tom Jernay indicated that his cross-examination was closed.

Eve shut her eyes for a second, that she might not see Andrew Dickerson's face, nor Gilbert's. She felt, she thought, as any traitor must have felt, although her betrayal had been unpremeditated. Yet none the less she had betrayed Gilbert into the hands of the enemy.

When she opened her eyes, grasping the rail of the witness stand, nerving herself to look again into Andrew Dickerson's face, afraid of what she might see there, she found neither reproach nor unkindness. Gravely but not reproachfully Andrew Dickerson looked at her, and began his redirect examination with the famous slow Dickerson smile, seemingly oblivious of the open triumph of his opponent, and the effect of that triumph on his jury and the audience in the courtroom.

"Miss Hamilton, before you went on the stand this morning, did you not, in the office of a notary public, John Helmsford, and in the presence of two witnesses other than myself, make the affidavit that I here produce and offer in this case as Exhibit J?"

"Yes," Eve said slowly, "I did." She waited, her eyes fixed on the district attorney, as the two wrangled a while and then appealed to the judge.

WHEN the district attorney was finally worsted in the endeavor to keep the affidavits out of the case, they were passed, one copy to the jury, one to the judge, and one to the district attorney. Andrew Dickerson turned to Eve, made a little deprecating gesture, and said to the court:

"With your permission, I will ask Miss Hamilton to go back with me to her meeting with the unknown man in Lover's Lane, the night of Doctor Fairlie's illness, and tell in detail why she felt and heard but did not see this man."

As calmly as she could Eve told. Andrew Dickerson continued to probe:

"How would you identify the man in the cedars if he were here?"

"By a mole on the right hand corner of his upper lip—underneath his mustache."

"Anything else which might identify him?"

"I seem only to remember that his coat smelled strongly of tobacco. I did not hear his voice and so cannot recognize it."

"And the man in the hall, who also kissed you. How would you identify him?"

"By a scar just under his hair, near the right ear, deep enough to be felt by my fingertips when I raised them to caress his cheek, and so carry out the deception."

Eve stopped and waited in an agony of suspense for the laughter that she felt must come, but it did not. She was furious with Andrew Dickerson and longed exceedingly to be out of his sight and the sound of his voice.

"You are quite certain, Miss Hamilton, that when you came back into the hall again it was the prisoner, Gilbert Eliot, you saw?"

"Yes," Eve admitted reluctantly.

"What makes you so sure?"

"I—I saw his face plainly. The hall was lighter at that time and place."

"Remain where you are, Miss Hamilton, and I will ask that the defendant be brought before the court, the prosecuting attorney, and the jury, that they may see for themselves that he has neither mole nor wart on his lip, nor a scar near his right ear. I will add that his mustache was removed this noon after the affidavits had been made and that Miss Hamilton has not yet seen him near at hand without it."

As Gilbert Eliot moved forward, sullenly enough, Eve realized why he had looked so changed to her since the noon recess. His mustache had been entirely removed. Clean shaven, his upper lip was revealed guiltless of any mole, and as, with a sweep of his hand, Andrew Dickerson brushed the heavy hair back, the skin was revealed smooth and white to the roots of the hair—no scar or sign of a scar.

And then Andrew Dickerson relinquished his witness and the prosecuting attorney took Eve in hand, and racked her back and forth over the coals of his rage, and his desire to shake her story. He made her acknowledge that she had feared it was Gilbert Eliot. Eve, pale under insulting insinuations to the effect that it could not be the first and only time she had kissed Gilbert Eliot, admitted that she had not dared speak of the incident to Gilbert. It seemed to Eve that she had been a thousand years upon the stand before the recross-examination closed.

II.

AS Eve came down from the witness stand she found she could hardly stand. The police officer at the gate looked at her sympathetically and offered her his arm:

"Steady, miss. It's hard on a real lady to get through a thing like that."

Eve clutched his blue sleeve, and mumbled some kind of thanks, and then the door into the outer hall opened for her, and there was Juliet waiting—and Bill.

Juliet flung her arms about her, and they took her between them to the car. Eve sank back, her head on Juliet's shoulder, while Juliet looked at her compassionately. "Cheer

"DUCK, Bill!" she called out, and brought the handle of the broom crashing down on somebody's head.

Don Juan finally gets out of the hospital Laura's not to be found. Don Juan learns she's married and off to Willett's Bridge with her easy-going, wealthy husband. Don Juan follows her, of course—and you know the rest."

"No," Eve contradicted her gently, "that's just the point—we don't know the rest."

"Well, by all that's holy," Juliet affirmed, "we'll know more before tomorrow."

AFTER a silence Bill spoke abruptly. "I'll say good night now, because Eve looks tired out. Joe can drop me here, and I'll walk home."

"Oh, no, you'll not," Juliet interrupted, her hand on the arm that reached for the speaking tube. "You'll come to dinner with two lone, lorn women, and then, after dinner, you'll go over to Elmgrove Place with Eve and myself, and stand by while we get the picture Laura Fairlie telephoned about."

"Nonsense!" Bill said so emphatically that it drowned out Eve's fainter protest.

"No nonsense about it." Juliet smiled at him without relaxing her birdlike grip on his arm. "You listen carefully to me, Big Boy. We've got to prove to this court—or rather Andy Dickerson has—that Don Juan and Luis Ramon are one and the same. Where is Don Juan? No one knows. Where is Luis Ramon? No information. Not in New Haven where he usually hangs out. Not in Hartford is he to be found, according to the police, nor in New York, Newark, Philadelphia, or Boston, or any of the cities thereabouts, according to police reports which Andrew has been receiving by wire. The alarm has gone out—even to Los Angeles."

"Good work!"

"If there is any safe place for Luis Ramon it is where he is supposed not to be. I'm willing to bet half of my badly needed and none too liberal salary that Mrs. Laura Fairlie knows and that if you do as you're told—both of you—tonight, we'll find out something about him. I feel almost sure that Luis Ramon is in hiding somewhere near at hand, so that Mrs. Fairlie can communicate with him!"

Eve, looking at her, and remembering suddenly, she knew not why, Juliet's interest in the mysterious telephone calls, became impatient to put Juliet's surmises to the test.

"Why wait?" she asked. "Why not go there immediately?"

"Too light," Juliet told her shortly. "I want darkness to cover me, and save my face, if I'm wrong."

But dinner over, Bill Davis, worried by

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

up, Eve. You haven't hung anybody yet. Nobody's any the worse for that abominable kissing episode—but yourself—and it wasn't Gilbert who kissed you . . ."

Eve shivered.

"Well," Juliet continued, regarding her warily, "tremble all you like, but it will be the other side who shake in their shoes when they see Luis Ramon on the stand. Mrs. Fairlie doesn't want him called, for you can only guess why the police called him 'Don Juan.' Laura Fairlie knows."

"Oh, don't try to save me," Eve said quickly. "Don't you suppose I know what I've done? His worst enemy couldn't have put Gilbert's case in worse shape than I've left it." And she shook again, as though she had a chill. Indeed, Juliet perceived that she had—a nervous chill.

"Nonsense," she said. "You told the truth, as you swore you would. Gilbert's got to stand the truth, and Andrew wanted it told."

"Did he? Oh, Juliet, are *you* telling me the truth?"

"Of course I am," Juliet answered her, and kicked Bill's ankle savagely. He woke up from his miserable thoughts about Eve's hard position and joined Juliet in assuring her that it was all for the best. Eve didn't quite believe them, but it was comforting.

"About this Luis Ramon," Juliet began quickly, to keep Eve from returning to the dangerous topic. "He's been mad about Laura Fairlie for some time. He would have gotten her, too, but for the fact that her first husband was a fairly good heavy-weight. He found this Don Juan Ramon Silvestra with Laura, and beat him up so beautifully that Ramon was in the hospital when the husband was caught and jailed.

"The police believe that it was Don Juan, through a stool pigeon, who gave the gang away. The husband made his break to get out of jail and was killed by a prison guard. When

Nine inches wide, eighteen inches long, five and one-half inches deep. Weight 7½ pounds.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

Eve's white face and listless air, detained Juliet in the hall under cover of lighting a cigarette for her, and begged her vehemently to "let Eve out of this."

"I can't," Juliet told him as vehemently. "One touch of sympathy and Eve would let down so far that she'd take to her bed. Only physical tiredness will make her sleep and forget what she is facing, and has been through. We can help her by keeping her busy, interested, and tired."

Juliet turned to pick up her wrap.

"Now then, Eve," she began, once they were in the motor, with Bill on the front seat with Joe. "I'm running this. All I ask of you is that you ring the door bell, and say that you have come for the picture. That's fairly natural. She asked you to take it away, and here you are to do it."

EVE stared out at the blackness which seemed to menace them as the car turned into the old drive at Elmgrove Place. The house was dark save for a light in Laura's room. It was some time before the bell was answered, and then, to Eve's surprise, the door was not opened, but Laura's voice sounded from the upper window:

"Who are you? What do you want?"

Juliet pinched Eve, who had forgotten her instructions.

"Eve Hamilton!" she called, responding to the pinch. "And I came tonight, when I knew you'd be at home, to get—the picture."

"Can't you send for it tomorrow?" asked Laura, dimly seen at the window of the room which she had so suddenly darkened at the sound of Eve's voice.

Juliet nodded, and Eve called: "Yes, of course, and I'm sorry to have disturbed you. I only remembered today that you wanted me to take it as soon as possible."

"Then tomorrow, or the next day, if you like, I'll send it down to your house. Good night," and the window closed.

At the sound Juliet turned and hurried to the car.

"Now," she whispered to Bill, "when the car starts, as Joe will start it, with plenty of noise and racket, you slip over to the garage, and if you find anything at all interesting—whistle."

Under cover of the noise made in starting the car Bill, discreetly keeping in the shadow of the house, dashed toward the garage.

Juliet touched Eve's arm, and she saw, as she followed the direction of Juliet's hand, a light, as though made by a pocket electric flash, appear in the window from which Laura had called. It flashed two, three times, and then —darkness.

"I'm right!" Juliet whispered exultingly. "As soon as you told

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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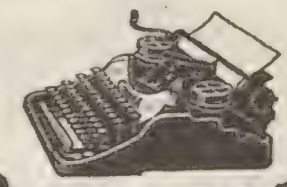

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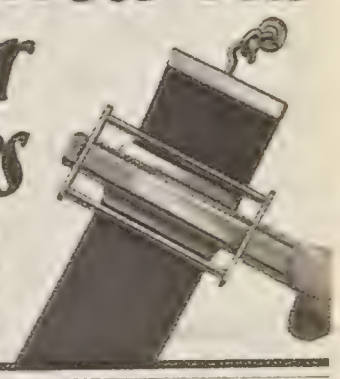

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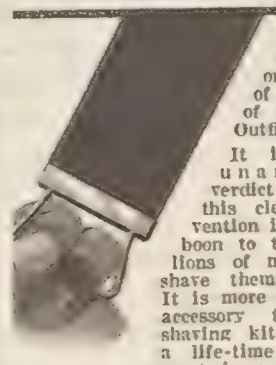

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-TWO]

me about that odd telephone ring I had my suspicions."

She leaned forward and said to Joe:

"Out to the gateway, and then wait until Mr. Davis whistles. If he doesn't, then back your car into the driveway and appear to have trouble with it, until he comes."

Joe ran out to the gateway and into the road where it was screened from the house by the trees and vines. He stopped for a moment and listened. Nothing, then just as Juliet moved impatiently a whistle sounded, clear and high. The next minute it was abruptly shut off, right in the middle of the high note.

"Run, Joe! Take a monkey wrench, anything, with you. He's having a hard time and needs help."

Then, to Eve's surprise, as Joe got out of the car and ran up the driveway toward the garage, Juliet climbed out and followed. Eve followed, running toward the garage in the wake of the others.

The door stood open now, and in a circle of light, a small circle, as though only one electric light was burning in the whole lower floor, Eve could just distinguish four men mixed up together in a wild struggle.

Juliet was jumping around the fighting mass, as though cheering her own champions on. Abruptly she turned about, searched in the gloom behind her, seized and dragged out a broom which had been leaning against the wall near the door.

"DUCK, Bill!" she suddenly called out, and brought the handle of the broom crashing down on somebody's head. With a groan the man dropped. Bill rolled some feet away and sat there, dazed, staring at her, as she began vigorously wielding her broom upon the other two and shouting:

"Get up!" as she dragged at Joe until he rose, and with him his opponent. Even in that dim light his height and strong figure were unmistakable.

"Andrew Dickerson!" Juliet gasped.

"Good Gorry! Mr. Dickerson!" Joe began.

An exclamation from Bill turned their faces his way, and in another moment they were all hurrying toward him. At the same moment there was a call from the house, high, clear, hysterical, a woman in a desperate fright:

"Who's there? Who's there? Answer me quickly, or I'll shoot!"

"Don't shoot, Mrs. Fairlie!" called Juliet, pulling Eve back into the shadow with her. "Our man caught a burglar in your garage."

There was a scream, loud, terrified, and then the sound of someone falling, and silence.

"She's fainted, Juliet," Eve whispered. "We'd better go and look after her."

"No," said Andrew Dickerson decidedly, restraining them both, and it was only then that Juliet realized that he had placed himself in front of the party. "Not much you won't. She probably has a loaded pistol."

As he spoke Joe snapped on the light, and then turned to the unconscious man, whose hands Bill was tying together. For the first time they saw his face.

"Gorry! Miss Eve! That ain't no burglar! It's Luis Ramon!"

Luis Ramon's forehead was bleeding, where he had struck it in falling. Eve, looking down on him, distressed, saw this. Taking her handkerchief, she bent over him, wiping the blood gently away from his eyes. He opened them, looked full at her, smiled his peculiar slow smile, and said:

"Ah, Madame Judas."

The others, turning, heard him and thought as did Eve that he meant Laura Fairlie. Eve saw Juliet smile and exchange a glance with Andrew Dickerson, as Ramon, when Bill helped him to his feet, looked toward the house and said:

"Did she tell?"

"No," Eve said, before the others could stop her. "Poor thing, she fainted when she heard we had caught a burglar in her garage."

Then he laughed. It was a horrible laugh. Eve felt that she should not like to be Laura Fairlie and hear that laugh. It told too much.

They left the garage, and went toward the car, the men with the prisoner. Somehow Bill and Joe managed to hold Ramon on the front seat between them, and they drove the two women home.

Andrew Dickerson helped them out at the gate, and then, with a show of authority, and drowning out Ramon's loud demand for "the warrant," he ordered Joe and Bill to drive to the jail, where the sheriff was waiting to take charge of Ramon. When they had delivered Ramon over, they were to send the village nurse to look after Laura Fairlie.

As they drove away he turned to the two women and regarded them keenly.

"It beats me how you could guess I was there after him," he said, his eyes on Juliet. "It was only within the last hour or so that old Sam's been able to talk coherently, and they sent for me. He swore that Luis Ramon had struck him down, and Sam suspected Luis of being in hiding somewhere about the place."

"But we didn't go there to find you," Eve began, bewildered.

"I should say not," Juliet interrupted, looking at him impishly. "I was never so disgusted in my life as when I found you on the spot. Something Eve told me, when I first came here, about an odd telephone message, first aroused my suspicions. Then Mrs. Fairlie's sudden desire to have that picture removed made me think there was some strong reason why she wanted all excuse for anyone coming unannounced to the house done away with. I didn't have to be told. I felt that Luis Ramon was clever enough to hide right here in Willett's Bridge, where no one would look for him, and where he could reach the woman he was—mad about."

Andrew nodded, looking from one to the other with an odd, dissatisfied expression.

"Well, now that you've got your witness," Juliet reminded him, "what are you going to do with him?"

"I don't know," Andrew told her soberly. "Tomorrow will show whether this is the best, or the worst, thing that has happened in this trial."

III.

IN the morning, to the astonishment of all who had taken part in the previous night's capture, Laura Fairlie was at the courthouse. Juliet told Eve, in a whisper, that the sheriff and the nurse had found her unconscious. The moment she had been revived they had sent, at Laura's request, for the district attorney. While no one ever knew just what she told him, in the morning she was in court, white and weary, but still lovely enough to turn any man's head.

That the prosecuting attorney was disturbed was plain to be seen. But there was no time for talk, no time to discuss. Eve saw Laura Fairlie brace herself and lean forward so as to hide her eyes as Luis Ramon came in between two officers. He had been badly mauled in his fight in the garage and the stiff fight he had put up on the way to jail.

Eve hastily turned away, for he had looked toward her and the faintest change in his expression, hardly a smile, more a look of understanding, warned her that this man had it in his power to be dangerous, exceedingly dangerous, to the case and anyone he disliked. She faintly wondered at Andrew Dickerson's temerity in placing him on the stand.

Andrew Dickerson began his direct examination. The district attorney was very nervous and watched him like a lynx. Here was the defense calling a witness who properly belonged to the prosecution and whom he himself had been unwilling and unable to call.

Despite all Eve Hamilton's prejudice against Luis Ramon, she admitted that there was something gallant in the way he bore himself, smiling, tight lipped, and, yes, the old-fashioned word "debonair" seemed to fit him more than the modern "sporting," for his foreign blood showed in his bearing, in his keen, cold, smiling mien, his facing a situation, disagreeable if not dangerous to him, without visible discomposure.

QUIETLY, but determinedly, he insisted on explaining that he had been returning voluntarily to Willett's Bridge to offer himself and his services as a witness to Mrs. Fairlie, when he had been surprised, carried to the jail by "Mr. Dickerson's men," and held. This explanation, which was quite evidently made by him in order that Laura Fairlie and the district attorney might know his attitude in the matter, was promptly ruled out by the court and the witness directed to answer only such questions as were asked him.

He turned to Andrew Dickerson with a bow, which did not conceal from Andrew the man's pleasure in having, as he thought, outplayed the attorney for the defense. Yet Andrew knew, and Luis Ramon knew Andrew knew, that Sam Sands had sworn that at the time of his injury he had come upon Ramon hidden in the supposedly deserted garage.

It was quite evident to both Juliet and Andrew that he had never left Willett's Bridge for more than a day, but had been living, with Laura Fairlie's connivance, there was no doubt, at Elmgrove Place. Yet, for obvious reasons, Andrew did not touch upon this aspect of the witness' case, but began at once to question the man as to his life before he came to Willett's Bridge.

Gravely, briefly, and very intelligently, he met every question from Andrew Dickerson.

"Yes, my real name is Ramon Luis Silvestra, but it is too long, too foreign sounding for a man-of-all-work, a driver, so I shortened it—for Willett's Bridge."

He would not answer the question as to when he had last been in jail. The court protected him against this. It was a question tending to incriminate the witness. Again Andrew tried for his point by asking him if he knew Laura Fairlie, her parents, and her friends, and he named one by one her father's and her husband's accomplices.

Yes, he knew them all, before he came to Willett's Bridge.

Did he come to Willett's Bridge on his own initiative, or had he an invitation from Mrs. Fairlie?

Luis Ramon leaned forward and looked straight at Laura before he answered. What his eyes said to her and hers to him in that brief moment only they knew, but it seemed to Eve that he flung a challenge.

Don't miss the gripping last installment, in next week's Liberty, in which the mystery of the poisoning is cleared up. It is one of the most amazing climaxes you've ever read.

A Page of Movie Reviews by Alva Taylor

Edward Everett Horton and Esther Ralston in *Beggar on Horseback.*

Alice Joyce and Anthony Jowitt in *The Little French Girl.*

Mary Brian as Alix Vervier in *The Little French Girl.*

BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK

Directed by James Cruze — Paramount Picture

THE CAST:

Neil McRae.....*Edward Everett Horton*
Cynthia Mason.....*Esther Ralston*
Frederick Cady.....*Erwin Connelly*
Mrs. Frederick Cady.....*Ethel Wales*
Gladys Cady.....*Gertrude Short*
The Prince.....*Theodore Kosloff*

IT IS not often that a stage play lends itself as perfectly to screen adaptation as the Beggar on Horseback, that most delightful of satires by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly. This successful translation is due not only to good direction and careful handling, but to the fact that the dramatic construction of the play is one which is particularly suitable for a screen interpretation. Being in its largest part a dream, and dreams being right "up Movie Street," the Beggar on Horseback does not suffer from becoming a silent drama.

Fantastic, absurd, moving whirlwindlike from one ridiculous incident to another, each exaggerated episode having its logical origin, this dream satire will take way your breath with its weirdness and its mirth-provoking rapid-fire hits.

If you belong to "big business" you must go to see this film with your sense of humor right on tap, for its satire is aimed at the big dollar signs. Not that every man who makes a living in Wall Street is like Mr. Cady. But, like all good satire, this play is extremely good-humored, and is meant to amuse the tired business man.

Neil McRae, our hero, is a composer, who must do hack work orchestrations of "mamma" and "papa" songs in order to have an occasional cup of coffee for breakfast. Gladys Cady, daughter of "Big Business," has set her expensive cap for him, because he is a genius, and an attractive one. Neil is persuaded in a weak moment that his future, and the winning of leisure to write the kind of music he wants to, depends upon his marrying Gladys, even though he loves Cynthia, who is almost as penniless as himself. She is the one to urge him to marry money.

Doped with pills the doctor has given him to rest his harassed nerves, Neil falls asleep, and dreams out the life he would lead as a member of the Cady family.

Through the fantastic jazz-flavored dream comes Cynthia, now and then, like a beautiful soothing strain from the symphony he is writing. When he wakes up he knows that life with the Cadys would be, for him, more like a "red-hot mamma" song than a symphony.

But by the time he wakes up Gladys doesn't want him, anyway, and Cynthia does. A means for a small, yet sufficient, income is provided, and so they all live happily ever after.

Colleen Moore and Kate Price in *The Desert Flower.*

THE DESERT FLOWER

Directed by I. Cummings — First National Picture

THE CAST:

Maggie Fortune.....*Colleen Moore*
Randolph (Rance) Conway.....*Lloyd Hughes*
Mrs. McQuade.....*Kate Price*
Jose Lee.....*Gene Corrado*
Dizzy.....*Fred Warren*
Mike Dyer.....*Frank Brownlee*

THE DESERT FLOWER is mostly Colleen Moore, in a setting of sand and cactus, railroad tracks, a Western dance hall and the atmosphere of gold digging, in the true sense of the phrase. This vivacious, rollicking young actress makes of a story which hasn't a great deal to say, a decidedly entertaining performance.

Miss Moore is Maggie Fortune, who lives in a freight-car home, on a railroad spur, while the road is being built. Maggie's father left her, when he died, an old derby, a ragged coat, and a sunny and pugnacious Irish nature. Maggie's mother left her a stepfather and a baby sister. The stepfather, in true style, furnishes the villainy. He discovers one day that his stepdaughter has grown up into an attractive young woman, and so Maggie has to pack her bundle, take her baby sister, and leave the freight car to make her home in a dance hall, where she earns honest money so that she may some day educate the sister.

For Maggie, we are told, wanted three things most in life: an education for the baby, a handsome husband, and a ride in a private car. She got all of these in the course of events. For she made a man of Rance Conway after his family had about decided that drink would never let him be one.

THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL

Directed by H. Brenon — Paramount Picture

THE CAST:

Madame Vervier.....*Alice Joyce*
Alix Vervier.....*Mary Brian*
Giles Bradley.....*Neil Hamilton*
Toppie Westmacott.....*Esther Ralston*
Owen Bradley.....*Anthony Jowitt*
Mother Bradley.....*Jane Jennings*

MARY BRIAN made her screen debut in Peter Pan. But she had to share honors with Betty Bronson. As Wendy she was all that could be desired. But in The Little French Girl she makes her debut as a full-fledged ingenue. She has happily been given a part which particularly suits her, and which she plays with great charm—a charm full of simplicity.

If you have read the novel from which this movie is taken, you know what it is all about. You will know that Madame Vervier, mother of the little French girl, was a most exquisitely attractive lady, so attractive that she was one of the most notorious women of Paris. In her villa on the Riviera first one man and then another was the favorite. Madame Vervier was not the kind who could settle down to marriage. But she wanted her daughter to be safely married. And so she asked her then favorite young man, Capt. Owen Bradley, a young English officer (it was war time), to take Alix to his mother in England, and marry her to some nice eligible Englishman.

Captain Bradley died in the trenches before he could do this, but his dying request to Giles, his younger brother, was that Giles carry out this promise of his. Giles Bradley knew that his brother had been unfaithful to his fiancee, Toppie, who was waiting back in England. But he took the little French girl to his mother, and she immediately worked her way into everyone's heart.

The story is full of drama, and the picture is excellently directed throughout with intelligence and finesse.

The producers have been lavish with the cast. For not only is there pretty little Mary Brian, but there is lovely Alice Joyce as Madame Vervier. It is not hard to believe, in watching Alice Joyce, that Madame Vervier is an irresistible creature. Then there is the more ethereally lovely Esther Ralston, as Toppie. All the other characters are well cast.

Really a worth-while picture.

NEXT WEEK *Miss Taylor will review Are Parents People? and Eve's Secret, Paramount pictures, and I'll Show You the Town, a Universal.*

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S51

The Movies Couldn't Do Without 'Em!

By ALVA TAYLOR

SOME screen stars are just actors and others find a permanent place in the hearts of the great screen public. The movies, without Blanche Sweet with her new slick bob to replace the fuzzy aureole or shining golden braids she used to sport; Alma Rubens, the brilliant dark-haired actress, or Ronald Colman, one of the few good leading men on the screen today, would not be quite the same.

APPEARING under the Metro-Goldwyn banner, Blanche Sweet (upper left) has galloped all over Europe making their geographical melodrama, The Sporting Venus.

Walter Frederick Seely photo

LEADING LADY in many famous screen productions, Alma Rubens (upper right) will next be seen opposite Percy Marmont and featured in Universal's The Clash.

Walter Frederick Seely photo

HIS POPULARITY growing by leaps and bounds, Ronald Colman (left) will be one of Metro-Goldwyn's aces this season.

Russell Ball photo

The Running Fool

The Story of a Young Man Who Didn't Know Fame and Fortune Until They Came Right Up and Virtually Knocked Him Down!

Suddenly the crowd got a thrill! The unknown runner jumped Donnelly and crept up even with Ayres.

THE low-hanging rain clouds above Laurence were suddenly pierced by a dozen or more factory sirens. At once, thousands of operatives shot forth into the night, to cling like swarms of ants to trolley car and vehicle, to pour down street and lane, to stream across waste land in a refluent radiation to home and lodging. Ten minutes, and all was silent again, the gray roads deserted.

One straggler remained. The bleak March afternoon had turned into a drizzly rain from the southeast, and from under the shelter of the Sheen Milling Company's main entrance a young man, his coat collar turned up about a pale, smooth throat, surveyed the thickening night misgivingly.

Behind him another laggard punched the time clock and, well-coated and gloved, banged through the swinging doors.

"Hello, Dave," he said. "Looks like you'll have to take the trolley tonight, eh?"

"No chance, Mr. Lawson." Dave spoke mildly. He always did.

"Kind of wet for running, isn't it?"

"Let up, maybe, in a minute."

The superintendent looked at the young man. Dave Kelsey was doing something in the yard: a checker; routine work and monotonous. He needed, recalled the superintendent, an infusion of spirit, a little self-assertion. He said:

"I see you haven't your overcoat or an umbrella. Better hop in with me. Going past your house anyway."

Dave had to refuse. It was well known to the employes of the Sheen Milling Company that Dave dispensed with the trolley car, night and morning, for the sake of exercise. A youth of twenty is seldom so assiduous in devotion to physical well-being, and Dave Kelsey, although he enjoyed that daily mile and a quarter run, had reason for it other than that of exercise.

Watching the lights of the superintendent's car flicker up the hill, Dave's mind drifted to the interior of a little house in New Street. He visualized Anne getting supper ready, a red-and-white checked apron tied about her waist, rounded elbows bare, singing the latest rag and executing to it a few hip and shoulder movements as she clicked thumb and finger.

It was amazing how Anne ran things on thirty dollars a week! Not yet nineteen, married only a year, she had settled down to housekeeping easy as could be. Of course, troubles worried her every once in a while, what with sewing and cleaning and everything she had to do for herself; but it wasn't often Anne raised a cry.

If only he could earn more money! Trouble was, he guessed, he hadn't much in the old bean, lacked the necessary education. Dave Kelsey didn't know, couldn't rightly tell. Dimly conscious of his limitations, he had a vague, shadowy, and awful notion, at odd times, he wasn't quite good enough for Anne!

Deciding to make a break for it, he set off, crossed the puddled road, and walked briskly up the hill. There, from his mark on top, an old tree stump, he automatically glanced back at the factory clock. Sixteen minutes past five.

He started his run immediately, knowing every foot of the way, every bit of rough going, every intervening crossroad, and the exact number of strides it took him to cross. His long, easy stride was smooth and regular; he breathed through his nose and the intake never varied. He ran with the grace and ease of Ariel, and, singularly detached from a humdrum cosmos during that short spell from factory to home, home to factory, he became possessed of the whimsical spirituality, the light-heartedness, the sublimation of an Ariel.

Running, he was, in some curious way, wholly worthy, for example, of Anne, capable of taking her with him to a land flowing with milk and honey. Happy little tunes spun in the archives of his brain. Inappreciable rhymes composed themselves.

Twenty yards from the candy store he slowed down and, outside the window, peeked hurriedly at Sam Baxter's clock. Twenty-four minutes past five. Um! Eight full minutes! He went inside.

"'Lo, Dave! 'Pears like you fell in the river or somethin', didn't you?"

"Say, Mr. Baxter, let me have a quarter's worth—of chocolates." (The least trace of breathing difficulty.) "Hard centers." From his sodden trousers pocket he produced his last remaining coin—a quarter.

"That's easy. Well—what you do it in tonight, Dave?"

"Not so good. Kind of slippery goin' tonight."

"Well, sir, if I was you, a night like this, I'd get all my exercisin' done hangin' on to the strap of a trolley." Sam Baxter put the chocolates into a small paper bag and squinted over his eyeglasses. "Guess you heard all about this foreign crackerjack that's come over here?" he wheezed. "Picture's in the *News* every day. Seems like he's a world beater."

Dave, putting the chocolates into his pocket,

By

Llewellyn Hughes

Pictures by
J. W. SCHLAIKJER

shook his head. "Thanks, Mr. Baxter. See you again some time."

"Some papers say he's an Englishman; some say he's a Cantab. Don't look like one or t'other to me," he piped, wisely. "More like a Frenchman. Got a French name, anyways. Elwyn Ayres."

But Sam Baxter was addressing a closed door. Dave had gone. Outside 29½ New Street he turned down his coat collar, slushed his cap, and gave the customary three raps on the window pane. Anne opened the door.

"Where've you bin?"

"Waited awhile." He made as if to kiss her, but she gave his outstretched arms a little smack.

"Mercy's sake! Get into some dry clothes, Dave. An' be sure take off your wet shoes here in the hall. There's your slippers—see. I've been washin' the floor today; cleanin' up some."

He obeyed her; standing on one foot to unfasten his wet shoelaces. "Lordy, Anne, if—if you only knew."

"Knew what?" she yelled from the kitchen.

"How much I love you."

IN the bedroom Dave rubbed his arms, legs, and chest with a towel dipped in cold water, dried and dressed himself, and reappeared in no time. Anne was seated, waiting to serve him some cooked sausages. Dave went to a table near the window, and from under a Bible he extracted a five-cent copybook.

"Land sakes! Pity you wouldn't sit down to your supper, Dave."

"Just a minute, Anne. Want to put down that time, case I forget." He opened the copybook where a stubby lead pencil divided its common pages. "Eight minutes," he announced, entering it under a column of figures. "Gosh! that's bad. Long time since I took eight minutes, Anne. Heavy goin', I guess." He turned around, his fingers going to a paper bag in his coat pocket.

She said, "Some day that old book'll help light the stove."

The corners of his mouth drooped. "Why, Anne!"

"Only you'd give that amount of time to your work, Dave Kelsey—gettin' on and doin' somethin' worth while to improve yourself. . . . Here!" She handed him a plate of sausages. "Now don't let your supper get cold on you, Dave. Put some butter on your baked potatoes." She pushed back her chair. "Want salt, don't you?"

HE sprang up instantly. "Don't you move, Anne, sweetheart. I'll get it. You've done your share of work today." He went to the bureau, found a saltcellar, dexterously and without noise of rustling paper produced the bag of chocolates from his coat pocket, then smiled. He meant to deposit saltcellar and chocolates in front of her, simultaneously giving her a kiss.

But, all at once, on the bureau ledge, as large as life, he caught sight of a two-pound box of expensive candy. Dave Kelsey stared at it with incredulous blue eyes!

"Where'd you get the candy?" he asked, moderating his anxiety, his back still toward her.

"Present."

"Who from?"

"Feller I used to know. Met him yesterday—when I was up to town."

The small bag of chocolates went back into their grave. The saltcellar was put down on the table by slightly chilled fingers, the kiss given with just the least lack of warmth. Dave Kelsey sat down and picked up his knife and fork.

"Anybody I know?" he inquired, after a while.

"Sure. Know Billy Gordon, I guess?"

He looked up. "Feller runs the picture show on Essex Street?"

"Um, um."

"Haven't been seein' him, have you Anne?"

"Maybe I have; maybe I haven't."

"He's got the worst reputation in Laurence. 'Sides, I guess you know he dropped a couple of 'skis' off his name, don't you?"

"The girls don't seem to mind that. He's the best lookin' man in town."

No time record of Dave Kelsey's attested to a more throbbing heartbeat than now.

"What did he give you the candy for?" he persisted, mildly.

"Never can tell. Sent 'em by special messenger this mornin'." There was another silence, then Anne said, "Wants me to do an act for him. Song and dance."

"You ain't goin' to, are you?"

"Maybe. Thirty-five a week. Help some, wouldn't it?"

"But——"

Anne was working up to something.

"DAVE!" she said. "D'you remember what you said time you asked me to marry you? Said you needed me to help you get on in the world. Wasn't much I could do 'cept look after you and keep house. I loved you an' believed in you. But I didn't think you'd still be earnin' only thirty dollars a week end of a year," she cried.

"We've got to do something. I haven't any decent clothes to wear—I've mended my stockin's till I'm ashamed to go out in them. And Lord knows! you need a new suit, an' a pair of shoes, an' a——"

Shocking him, Anne rose spasmodically. "I'm sick and tired of this poverty, Dave! I am! I am! I want to see somethin' of life. Go places. Do things. Have some clothes to wear. I'm only nineteen. Other girls. . . ." She stopped suddenly, softened by the look in his eyes. "Guess it's the weather, Dave, makes me so touchy. Only I . . ." For the fraction of a second their fingers touched, and she laid her cheek against his arm. "Supper's gettin' cold, dear. Let's eat and forget it."

An hour later, when Dave had finished washing and drying the dishes, wiped the pots and pans, cleaned the grease from the stove, and deposited all the scraps in the garbage pail, he began hunting for his coat.

"What'd you do with my coat, Anne?"

"Hung it on the back of a chair, where it belongs."

Attractive in her faded green kimono, curled in the armchair, Anne was reading a magazine and eating chocolates. Dave Kelsey watched her finger and thumb dip, not into the expensive box of candy, but into a small, dilapidated paper bag.

His exclamation caused her to look up. The magazine fell to the floor. She held out her hand to him, edging farther into her chair.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Didn't seem much, Anne, beside that two-pound——"

"Maybe not. But——" She pressed her face closely to his, and for the second time that night tears flooded the dark brown of her eyes.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

Can You Write a Title to the Cover Picture of This Number?

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Eight Big Cash Prizes Must Be Won Each Week

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YOU don't have to be a golfer to win one of the eight big cash prizes offered this week. Glance at the cover of this magazine. That caddie, apparently, isn't stopping up his ears because of the flying turf. The (amateur?) golfer who is just off the edge of the picture is giving wordy emphasis to his wild swing, no doubt. Study the picture closely. It has no title. What is your suggestion for a title? Liberty will pay $1,000 for the eight best suggestions. Jot down your idea on the coupon on this page; write a letter telling why you do or do not like the cover picture, and mail it in. All suggestions will receive equal consideration. Each week's cover is a separate contest. You can enter any or all of them. You do not have to be a subscriber to win. Send in your title TODAY!

HERE ARE THE RULES:

1. Each week Liberty is printing on its cover a picture without a name. (See cover of this issue.) Each picture will be by a celebrated artist and will tell a story. The public is invited to suggest titles for these cover pictures. Liberty will pay $1,000 in cash each week for the best answers.

2. Eight cash prizes will be paid each week as follows:

1st Prize	$ 500.00
2nd Prize	250.00
3rd Prize	100.00
4th Prize	50.00
5th to 8th Prizes—($25 each)	100.00
TOTAL	$1,000.00

3. This contest is open to every man, woman, boy, and girl, except employees of Liberty and their families.

4. Each entry must contain the following:
   (a) A title suggestion in ten words or less.
   (b) A statement in not more than 100 words telling why you like, or do not like, the cover picture.

5. Contestants may submit as many titles as they wish on the accompanying coupon or on a separate sheet of paper.

6. All entries for this week's contest must be sent to "Covers," care of Liberty, Post-office Box 1123, Chicago, Illinois, and must be in this office by midnight of August 1. No entries will be returned. The winners will be announced in Liberty as soon thereafter as possible.

7. Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department.

8. Originality of thought, cleverness of idea, clearness of expression, neatness and form will count. Entries will be judged first by the title suggestion submitted, and second by the reason for liking or disliking the cover picture.

9. The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of Liberty and their decision will be final. If more than one contestant submits the same title suggestion and reasons for liking or disliking the cover, and if such entries are submitted in an equally clear, concise and neat form, a duplicate award will be paid to each such tying contestant.

Use the Coupon. You May Win One of the Eight Big Prizes!

COUPON *for* COVER TITLE CONTEST

"COVERS," No. 8
Liberty, Post-office Box 1123, Chicago, Illinois.

My suggestion for a title for the Liberty cover of July 25 is: .....

.....

WRITE YOUR TITLE HERE

(On another sheet of paper write not more than 100 words telling why you like or do not like this cover. Attach to this coupon and mail it.)

NAME .....

STREET ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

The Winners!

The persons named below have been awarded the eight cash prizes for having submitted, in the opinion of the judges of the contest, the best titles to the cover picture which appeared on the June 20 issue, and letters telling why they did or did not like the cover. You can enter this contest today. Each week is a separate contest. Your idea may be a winner. TRY IT!

Cover of Liberty for June 20, for which the winning titles were written.

FIRST PRIZE—$500

Too many "airs" for a little girl.

GEORGE L. BOOTH, Spencer Arms Hotel, 1950 E. 71st St., Chicago, Ill.

SECOND PRIZE—$250

A Draught (Draft) Bearing (Baring) Plenty of Interest.

CHARLES F. STONE, Box 132, Cass City, Mich.

THIRD PRIZE—$100

Delaying the Mails (Males).

MISS CATHERINE REYNOLDS, Jackson, Ohio.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

The Sea (See) Breeze.

MRS. WALTER J. HODGES, 2150 N. Park Ave., Fremont, Neb.

FIFTH PRIZE—$25

"Fresh" Air.

MAX JAEDIKER, 19 E. 14th St., New York City, N. Y.

SIXTH PRIZE—$25

Oh, Gee-mi-nies!

MRS. CLYDE BOYD, 1632 E. 66th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

SEVENTH PRIZE—$25

The Great (Grate) Open Spaces.

MISS FLORENCE LINEHAN, 168 Coles St., Jersey City, N. J.

EIGHTH PRIZE—$25

Not Such a "Kneesy" (an Easy) Thing to Overlook.

W. LeRUE SHAUB, 1628 Green St., Harrisburg, Pa.

$1,000.00 MORE GIVEN AWAY NEXT WEEK!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

"Oh, Dave, if only I didn't love you so much——"

II.

JUNE came, and fame and fortune still lay in Dave Kelsey's grasp only along the footpath between factory and home. There, both were wholly, if imaginatively, his, and the fleeting gate posts, the fences, the trees made their humble obeisance to the great Mr. Kelsey, the multimillionaire!

He did speak, however, one day during lunch hour to Joe Handley. The two had become friends, and during the last few weeks met daily in the yard. They had interests in common. Neither smoked; both preferred the open air to the rest rooms. But in one instance they differed. Joe Handley, employed by the Sheen Milling Company in the capacity of skilled mechanic, often earned as much as a hundred dollars a week.

Offering his advice, he didn't think Dave should quit his job to look for another one.

"Way I've found, Dave," he told him, "is to hold on to what you've got—then, if there's no chance of promotion—look around for a footing before you jump."

"Trouble is, I get no time to look around."

"Why don't you attend night school? I'm still taking a course there—two evenings a week."

"That's a good idea, too." Dave reflected. "Couldn't very well leave Anne, though."

"She wouldn't mind, would she? Her benefit, much as yours, in the end. There's all kinds of courses. Free to everybody."

"Maybe I will, Joe. Say! Why don't you come back home with me tonight—meet Anne; you'll like her, Joe—then stay and have supper with us?"

Joe paused a moment. "I'll be glad to."

"That's fine. I usually run home, Joe, for the sake of the exercise. It's only a little over a mile. But you can take the trolley—see?—and meet me outside Sam Baxter's, corner of New Street."

"No." The local mile champion smiled a little. "I'll run along with you, Dave. Heard tell you're something of a flyer."

It was a mild evening, the air brisk, the footpath wide enough for two. For three hundred yards they ran shoulder to shoulder. At four hundred perspiration broke out on Joe's forehead. Dave was humming a little tune.

"Keep up this gait right through?" asked Joe, after taking a deeper breath to make sure his voice would sound steady.

"Sure. 'Tisn't far, when you get used to it. That gatepost ahead is about one-third of the way. Path gets kind of narrow after that. We'll need to run one behind the other. You go ahead, Joe."

"N-no. You—you take the lead—Dave." Joe Handley fell behind, his footsteps gradually diminishing.

Arriving at the candy store, Dave looked at Sam Baxter's clock. It was 5:36 and a bit over. He decided to call his time six minutes and a quarter.

He waited for the appearance of Joe, then, worried, started to run back to find out what had happened. Joe was walking, manifesting a slight limp.

From under the shelter of the main entrance a young man surveyed the thickening night misgivingly.

"Hurt my toe the other day," he explained. "Didn't want to take any chances. Running at the Roxbury athletic meet the end of the month."

"In a race?"

"The mile," announced Joe. "Listen, Dave! I think you've the makings of a good runner. Noticed one or two faults, but—why not join the Laurence A. A.? Let Bill Latham look you over."

"Oh, shucks! I just run for the fun of it, Joe. Haven't time for athletic clubs, now I'm married."

"Worth thinking over, Dave. I've got all sorts of prizes for running. Enough silverware, knives and forks, stuff like that, to start housekeeping once I find the girl."

"That so?" Dave Kelsey envied him. "Always run the mile, Joe?"

"Sometimes the half. But at the old mile I can trim more than can trim me. I've run it in 4:28. Average about 4:32. I got this job over at the Sheen Milling through my running."

"You did!"

"Sure. Old J. S. Abbott, the president, was the founder of the Laurence A. A. Minute he knew I could run the mile under 4:30 the job was mine."

Confused, Dave Kelsey made some laborious calculations. Joe went on talking, but Dave wasn't listening. They had passed the candy store and were now walking up New Street.

"This is where I live," said Dave, giving three raps on a darkened window. "Gosh! Hope Anne isn't sick or anything."

"Maybe she's out."

"No, sir." The door was locked, but, feeling in his waistcoat pocket, Dave finally produced a latchkey. "Anne! Anne!"

THERE was no answer. Switching on the light and asking Joe to come in, Dave saw that the supper table was set for one. By his place was a note which read:

> Dave, I'm going over to Laurence for supper with Elsie. Chops in the ice box, and I've made a cake for you. Love. ANNE.

He read it through several times, then said dejectedly: "It's all right, Joe. She's—stayin' with friends for supper. It's the first time —— Well, Joe, make yourself at home."

A rubdown, a wash, and dinner was ready. Joe Handley's plate was well heaped with chops, fried potatoes, and warmed mashed turnips. Dave had cold beef and fried eggs and bacon with it, a mixture Joe eyed dubiously.

"Hope I'm not taking your lamb chops, Dave."

"Gosh! No! Glad you preferred 'em, Joe. I'm crazy about cold roast beef." He jumped up. "Wow! If that coffee boils over we'll be out of luck."

He returned, a steaming cup of coffee in each hand. "Listen, Joe! I meant to ask you. Know a chap name of Billy Gordon? Runs a picture show?"

"The feller who gets his hair polished down at Tony's, the bootblack!" Joe nodded. "The Ku Kluxes ought to get after that bird!"

"That's what I heard." Dave Kelsey, not caring to pursue the subject, fell into an introspective silence.

"But honestly, Dave, you ought to take up running. Win a couple of good races round here and you won't go short of a job."

Dave was preoccupied, but he lifted his head.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

"Gosh! I almost forgot. Six and a quarter!" He went for the copybook and brought it to the table, half smiling in defense of it. "Usually keep a record, Joe. Sort of got used to jottin' down the time I take from the factory—only it's kind of foolish, I guess."

"From that tree stump, top of the hill?"

"To Sam Baxter's candy store. It's about a mile and a quarter."

Joe Handley was interested. "What time did you do it in tonight?"

"Six minutes and a quarter."

"W-what!" Joe's mouth stayed open. "Mind if I look at your times?"

"Go ahead." He turned the leaves. "Here's the best time ever I did, Joe. Last month. May 23d. I figured it was less than six minutes. Had on an easy pair of shoes and was travelin' light, as they say."

"Good night!" gasped Joe Handley. "You oughtn't to be earning thirty dollars a week if you can run like this, Dave."

"Eh?"

"Listen, Dave; I want you to promise me something. Bring this book down to the athletic club and let me show it to Bill Latham."

"What for?"

"Never you mind. Will you come down there with me next Saturday afternoon and let Bill see you run?"

"I'm a married man, Joe. Got a wife to look after. I can't afford to fool round in an athletic club."

"Dave, I know something about running. I told you a while back you were nothing but a fair runner with a lot of faults. I was sore, I guess, because you ran away from me. I told you I'd hurt my toe. Dave, I lied. I figured to make you look silly tonight. I swear you're one of the smoothest runners I've seen. You'd beat me a lap in a mile race the way you ran tonight. You're a fool if you don't turn your running to account."

But Dave, his mind on Anne, paid little attention. He told Joe flatly he'd have nothing to do with athletic clubs. He just ran because he liked to run. That was all.

IT was after eleven when Anne reached home, precipitantly concerned as to whether Dave had had a good supper all by himself. His arms around her, he said:

"Where've you been, Anne?"

"With Elsie Perkins." She kissed him. "Might as well know it, Dave. I've decided to do that song and dance act for Mr. Gordon."

"Don't want you to have anything to do with that feller, Anne."

"He keeps beggin' me all the time, Dave. Promised me thirty-five a week. I'm goin' to start rehearsin' next Tuesday, so's to open Monday night."

"Listen, Anne, sweetheart." Dave's voice was tremulous. "I was talkin' with Joe Handley tonight. I'm goin' to a night school with him. Learn salesmanship. In a couple of months——"

She struggled a little in his arms. "But, Dave, supposin' you do—why shouldn't I earn some money to help us along in the meanwhile? May be a year before you're a salesman and . . . Look! This is the song I've got to learn. It's a peach . . ."

The next day, during lunch hour, Dave spoke to Mr. Lawson. The superintendent stared at him. "Dave, don't you know we're letting men go every week? Business is bad all over the State. If I was you I'd start looking for another job right away. We may have to do without you any time."

Keeping this wretched news strictly to himself, Dave went in search of Joe Handley, and the result of their talk was a prearranged spin round the local track that Saturday afternoon. Bill Latham scrutinized Dave's legs with grunts of approval.

"He's got the blooming legs," Latham said. "The question is, can he run with 'em?"

"Wait and see," promised Joe Handley.

It was eight laps to the mile, and the official starter of the Laurence A. A. held the gun. At the bark Joe and Dave set off.

Joe, more experienced, held to the pole, Dave running on his shoulder, a yard out. He took to his running shoes and trunks like a bird to the air, was clocked in 2:01 at the half mile, Joe ten yards back of him, and went on smiling, his stride flawless. On the last lap Bill Latham began roaring frantic exhortations, and Dave, leaving Joe farther behind, sped round the track like a frightened deer. He was breathing hard as he crossed the line.

BILL LATHAM'S eyes protruded as he gaped at the watch held in his pudgy hands.

"My Gawd!" he shouted. "What you got, Jerry? I got fourteen."

Jerry Lane, one of the two other timers, declared he had thirteen and four-fifths. "And, there," he added, pointing at Dave, "is one American miler that can give Elwyn Ayres a run."

"He'll beat Ayres sure as you stand there," said the other.

Immediately a little conference was held within the clubhouse, and Dave's entry for the American mile at the Harvard Stadium posted.

"For the time being," counseled the delighted Latham, "we'll all keep this thirteen and four-fifths under our hats, see? Dave will run under the colors of the club. We've got a quorum on his election for membership. We'll go up to Boston on Saturday morning two weeks from today, and——"

"I won't be able to manage that," put in Dave.

"What's the matter?"

He was tempted to tell them he expected to lose his job at the Sheen Milling, but decided to say nothing about it. "I've got a job to look after," he compromised, "and—and a wife."

Latham roared with laughter. "Listen, son. You beat Elwyn Ayres, and old John Sebastian Abbott will give up his desk to you! He will! I know him. He's an old Yale track star. Forget about your job, your wife, forget about everything till you beat Ayres."

Dave was torn by conflicting emotions. Pressed, he wouldn't commit himself to anything. But he did consent to do a little training under the watchful eye of Bill Latham. During the evenings when Anne was singing at the Adelphi picture theater Dave went out on the track. At ten-thirty he was waiting for her outside the theater, uncommunicative and worried looking.

"You'll be glad, Dave, when I get that thirty-five on Saturday," she chided. "First thing I'm goin' to do is buy you a new pair of shoes. Then something for myself."

But on Saturday night he wouldn't let her buy the shoes.

"It's your money, Anne. I don't want you to spend any of it on me."

They began to quarrel right there on Essex Street, and in the end, when Anne went and bought him the shoes, Dave said he'd be dingbusted if he'd wear 'em, anyway! And on Sunday morning he told Joe Handley he had made up his mind to run in the Harvard Stadium.

The night before that widely heralded athletic meet and the appearance in Boston of the celebrated Elwyn Ayres, Dave Kelsey ran home in record time to find Anne, her cheeks burning, struggling with Billy Gordon in the center of the room. A chair was overturned.

Gordon, debonair, made a remarkable recovery. "Good evening, Mr. Kelsey," he laughed. "Just rehearsing an act. I'm Mr. Gordon of the——"

"I know."

The theater manager turned to Anne. "That's your last word, then, is it, Mrs. Kelsey?"

"I've told you."

Dave, victim of a deepening perplexity, asked, "What's wrong, Anne?"

It was Gordon who replied. "Just a matter of business, Mr. Kelsey. Now, you're a business man, and you'll see my point. Mrs. Kelsey promised to go through with this act for me, and now she wants to back out of it."

"Well——"

"Puts me in a bad hole. The folks expect to see her on the bill tonight—and she's not there." He edged to the door, his face sheepish. "Too late to get anybody now. Listen, Anne. I'll make it fifty."

"Not for a hundred. Get someone who won't object to your——" She stopped abruptly, shooting a peculiar, apprehensive glance at Dave.

"Just as you say. Only I think you ought to——"

Dave cut this with, "Heard what she said, didn't you?"

"Sure, I did."

"Then—get."

Gordon's upper lip curled as he measured him. "What's biting you?"

Something within him leaped into Dave's throat; something vital, some new and utterly unsuspected force from away down in his being. He was on Gordon in a flash; suddenly dynamic; conquering.

"Don't you ever come round to this house again."

"Are you looking for troub——"

Anne screamed. The two men were fighting furiously. Gordon was the taller and bigger, but it didn't seem to help him. He was badly cut about the face by blows delivered with a good deal of energetic savagery. Bleeding, his sleek hair ruffled, yelping from pain and fright, Gordon was knocked down by a right to the chin and, half in and half out of the door, lay motionless.

Anne was terrified. "Oh, Dave . . . you've gone and killed him!"

Dave's face was white, but he spoke evenly. "A hidin' was long overdue that feller. He's got it at last." Anne, trembling, ran to the kitchen and returned with a glass of water.

"You keep away from him, Anne. If you'd only done that in the beginnin'. Leave that glass on the table!" This was a new Dave Kelsey, and Anne was entirely submissive before him. She watched Gordon slowly rise and go out, watched Dave follow him with the glass of water, heard a sequence of muttered sentences, then, when Dave returned, impulsively threw herself into his arms.

III.

AT the Harvard Stadium forty-five thousand persons had gathered to watch a fair-haired, gentlemanly young Englishman match strides with the best America could offer. The race was a special one, named for the occasion the American Mile. With Elwyn Ayres were six other runners. Five of them were well known to those interested in athletics. Tommy

ANNE was terrified. "Oh, Dave . . . you've gone and killed him!"

Suddenly, the vast, cheering crowd got a thrill! The unknown runner, Dave Kelsey, jumped Donnelly and crept up even with Ayres. Ayres was running on the pole; Kelsey a foot outside him.

THEN a remarkable thing happened! During the last lap and on the opposite side of the final stretch, Kelsey went out in front a full yard. The cheering settled into a thunderous roar, alternately to rise and fall as, at the final turn, Ayres once more wrested the lead.

One hundred yards to go down the stretch! The stadium in a palpitating flutter of excitement! Ayres, one foot—just twelve inches!—in front of Kelsey! Seventy-five yards—fifty—forty — thirty — and that little separating distance hadn't varied one way or the other!

A terrific determination burst in upon Dave Kelsey's heart and brain! He'd humble this confident Englishman! Gone was every vestige of thought of Anne, of his job with the Sheen Milling Company, of everything but the resolve to conquer—or die!

Twenty feet from the tape—human figures there and on each side of the track floating in a weird detachment from the earth—Dave, reaching Ayres's tantalizing shoulder once again, threw back his head and shut his eyes. . . .

Above and about that stirring finish the stadium rocked! A frantic multitude saw both runners break the tape together, saw the unknown hero pitch to the ground like a broken

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Bray was the national champion; Arthur Donnelly had run second to Ayres at the last Olympic games; Harry Overton was intercollegiate champion; Milt Stevens had run the mile in 4:15, and Howard Low was good for 4:18 any day.

The sixth starter was unknown! People examined their programs for information not forthcoming. All they knew about him was his name, and the athletic organization he was a member of—Dave Kelsey, Laurence A. A.

With the crack of the gun the seven athletes left their mark together, Milt Stevens shortly taking the lead. On the second lap the incomparable Ayres went to the front, followed by Tommy Bray, Donnelly, and Kelsey, all close up. Near the end of the third lap, with one more to go, Ayres was out by ten yards and running like a well-oiled machine, with Kelsey a yard behind Donnelly.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

vessel, saw willing, sympathetic hands reach to pick him up, saw Elwyn Ayres totter a little, totter again, go to one knee, pull himself upright, and walk unsteadily back to the crowd gathered about the fallen Dave Kelsey.

The announcer, shouting through his megaphone, declared that Kelsey had won the mile in the world's record time of four minutes eight and two-fifths of a second.

Dave Kelsey, insensible to it all, was the idol of forty-five thousand people. He owned Boston! He owned New England! He owned, if that protracted roar of acclamation was to be believed, the United States of America!

All Saturday evening the wires buzzed the fame of Dave Kelsey to the cities, carried it to Europe, India, Australia, Japan; and from far-flung country and town the telegraphic rebound concentrated on a little house in New Street, Laurence, falling, so to speak, at the feet of a little lady who would reap at least half the glory.

Anne couldn't understand it. Long after she had gone to bed that Saturday night the front door bell continued to ring, and early Sunday morning the pilgrimage was in full swing. Reporters from Boston and New York dropped their cigar and cigarette ashes all over her living room carpet, annoying her exceedingly. Men she had never seen shook her hand and addressed her as if they had known her for years.

Then, ushered in by Joe Handley and Bill Latham, came the president of the Sheen Milling Company, John Sebastian Abbott. Dave was locked in the kitchen with half a dozen reporters.

"Mrs. Kelsey, permit me to congratulate you. I'm sure you must have been very proud at the stadium yesterday."

"Would have," Anne replied, "if I'd been there. Only Dave said nothin' about it—till he came home."

J. S. Abbott professed amazement. "Unpardonable," he said.

"An' he knew I was dyin' to see him run, too," she complained, studying him. "Guess you know, Mr. Abbott, he runs all the way to the factory, don't you?"

"Yes—yes. I've heard——"

"He earns only thirty a week, an' I get scared sometimes he'll strain himself tryin' to save trolley fare. Then he won't be able to run no more."

"That," said John Sebastian Abbott, "would be a national calamity. And I have come here, expressly, to see if it can be avoided."

"Dave," pressed Anne, "wants to be a salesman."

"And a salesman he shall be," said J. S. Abbott. "I've a hundred-dollar-a-week job for him, and——"

She gave a shriek. "Dave! Just you come here, right away!"

"—and traveling expenses for two," he went on, smiling at her. "The first call will be New York next Saturday—where, incidentally, I hear he is to run against Ayres in a mile and a quarter." He extended his hand. "I'm sure, Mrs. Kelsey, you won't allow him to leave you at home this time?"

"You bet I won't," said Anne. "I've always wanted to see New York!"

THE END

LIBERTY'S $50,000.00 PRIZE STORY CONTEST

LIBERTY'S $50,000 PRIZE STORY BALLOT No. 7

NOTE: Tear out this ballot, place a cross opposite the type of story you do (or do not) like, and tell why you do (or do not) like it, in not more than one hundred words, on a separate sheet of paper. Send to "BALLOTS," CARE OF LIBERTY, POST-OFFICE BOX 1123, CHICAGO, ILL.

$100.00 Will Be Paid Each Week for the Best Answer

- ☐ *Detective Stories*
- ☐ *Stories of the Early West*
- ☐ *War Stories*
- ☐ *Historical Stories*
- ☐ *Humorous Stories*
- ☐ *Business Stories*
- ☐ *Stories of Married Life*
- ☐ *Stories of the Sports*
- ☐ *Stories of Young Love*
- ☐ *Mystery Stories*
- ☐ *Adventure Stories*
- ☐ *Sea Stories*
- ☐ *Stories of Small-Town Life*
- ☐ *Stories of the Tropics*
- ☐ *Stories of the North Woods*
- ☐ *Stories of the Orient*

NAME .....

STREET ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

(Issue of July 25)

A NEW CONTEST EVERY WEEK

This BALLOT *May be Worth* $100 *to* YOU!

HERE is an easy, exciting, and fascinating contest which is open to everybody. It is merely intended to afford you a little excitement while the judges are deciding Liberty's $50,000 Prize Story Contest. All we ask is that you tell us on the coupon at the left and in a letter of not more than one hundred words what kind of a story you do (or do not) like to read. Note the sixteen kinds listed in the coupon. Is your favorite among them? Is it a story of adventure, mystery, love, business, the sea? Read the notice below. Liberty will pay one hundred dollars for the best letter. Your idea may be the best. You do not have to be a subscriber to win. Mail the coupon TODAY!

$1.00 A WORD FOR 100 WORDS!

OPEN TO EVERY MAN, WOMAN, BOY, AND GIRL

THE WINNER OF BALLOT NO. 2

This week's prize goes to Norma B. Dobson of 4447 Upton Avenue, South, Minneapolis, Minn., whose letter, in the opinion of the judges of the contest, was the most interesting received in connection with ballot No. 2, published in the issue of June 20. The winning letter reads:

YOU see, it's like this. We love those people and things most that are closest to us. Interesting, of course, to read of some European crown jewels being stolen, but not half so thrilling as that Timmie Jones's back yard, next door, gave up some treasure. Interesting, indeed, to read that Mrs. Astorbilt, after various complications, has annexed a third husband in "Gay Paree," but not so engrossing as to learn that Miss Penny, our village dressmaker, has had a secret, tragic love affair. Give us SMALL TOWN stuff. We all know and understand the Babbitts of this world.

Here Is How You Do It

You can vote for (or against) a different type of story every week, but you can only vote for (or against) one kind of story in any one week. Most of us like—or dislike—several kinds of stories. Enter as many of the contests as you want to. We hope you will enter all of them. All ballots of this week's contest must be in Liberty's Chicago office by midnight, August 1.

You can use the ballot on this page, or, in place of putting a cross on the ballot and cutting it out of the magazine, you can write at the top of the separate sheet of paper, on which you write your opinion, what kind of story you are voting for (or against)—like this: "I am voting for Stories of Young Love."

ANOTHER $100.00 GIVEN NEXT WEEK!

Thin..crispy..sugar shells *"stuft"* with pure..luscious fruit-jams.. ..nuts *and* Marmalades!.....

DIANA "Stuft" Confections are the sweet-dispositioned traveling companions. Great to have along on picnics, motor trips and every summer occasion that calls for luscious, crispy candy.

We originated Diana "Stuft" Confections just to fill this summer need. Those cool, crispy sugar shells are purposely thin—"stuft" with imported nuts and pure fruit-jams and marmalades which we make ourselves of fresh selected fruits. Every ingredient measures up to the Bunte Golden Quality Creed. For almost 50 years we have made candy this way—always remembering that the 1200 Bunte Golden Quality Candies are something to eat.

Good stores everywhere carry Diana "Stuft" Confections in 2½, 4, 9 or 16-ounce purity jars and 2, 3 or 5 pound tidy tins. The packages are air-tight. The candy reaches you as fresh as the day it was made. Each package contains twenty-one varieties. Keep some on hand at home always. Be sure it's made by Bunte.

BUNTE BROTHERS, Established 1876, *World-Famous Candies*, CHICAGO

DIANA "STUFT" Confections

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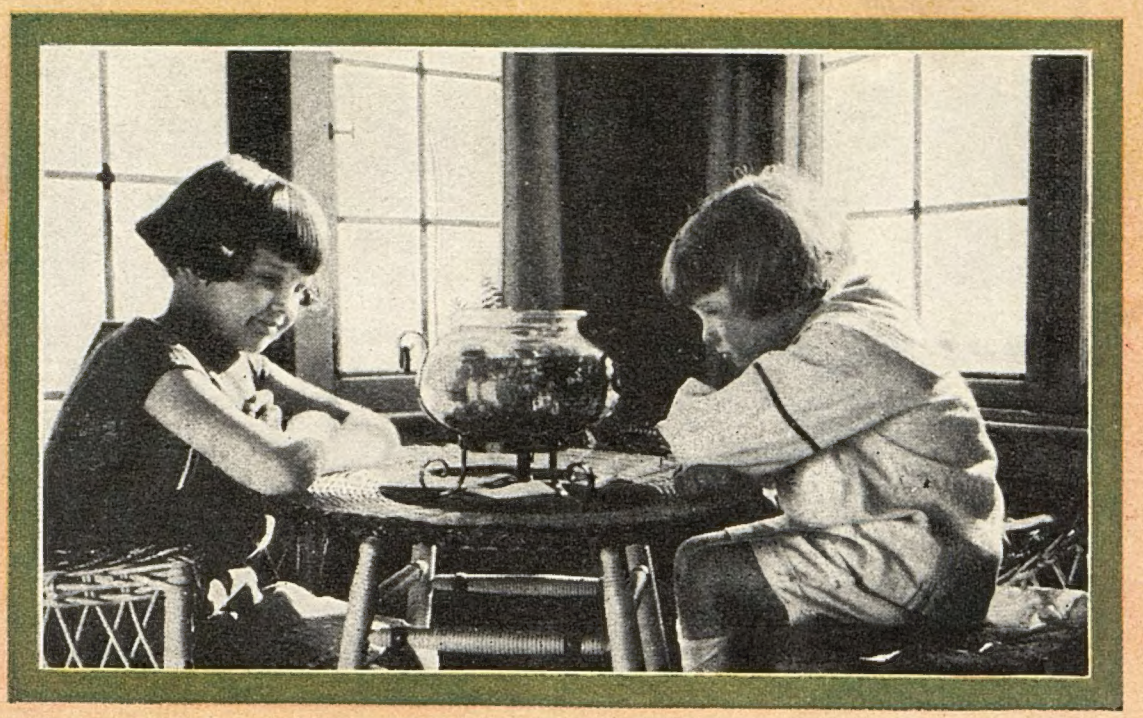

This picture, 2½×4¼ inches, made with the 1A Pocket Kodak, Series II.

Sharp pictures are easy with this sharp-shooting camera.

No. 1A Pocket Kodak, Series II

With Diomatic Shutter and Kodak Anastigmat Lens *f.* 7.7

GOOD, sharp pictures—that's the kind you want and that's the kind you get with this 1A Pocket Kodak, Series II. The Kodak Anastigmat lens *f.* 7.7 gives you keen detail in the negative, which means snappy prints and enlargements—the kind you like to look at. The No. 1A Pocket Kodak, Series II, is a sharp-shooter.

As you open the camera the lens snaps into position.

You want your pictures properly exposed, too, and this camera makes that easy. Right below the lens is a sliding scale that picks out the stop or speed that fits the light. The dial tells the exposure to give. Furthermore, the four snapshot speeds on the Diomatic shutter are accurately timed. They are marked 1/10, 1/25, 1/50 and 1/100—and that's what they are.

Camera—pocket size.

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